HONCHO

THE MAGAZINE FOR
THE MACHO MALE

FDC 58295
FEBRUARY 1984
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MEN TOGETHER

NUDES:
SOCKS
CIAO, BABY!
TIME FOR TWO
BUDDY SYSTEM
FUR TRAPPER

FICTION:
TOP JOCKS
STUNTMAN
MASTER BLASTER
BLOWN OFF COURSE

CLASSIFIEDS:
MAN SEARCH

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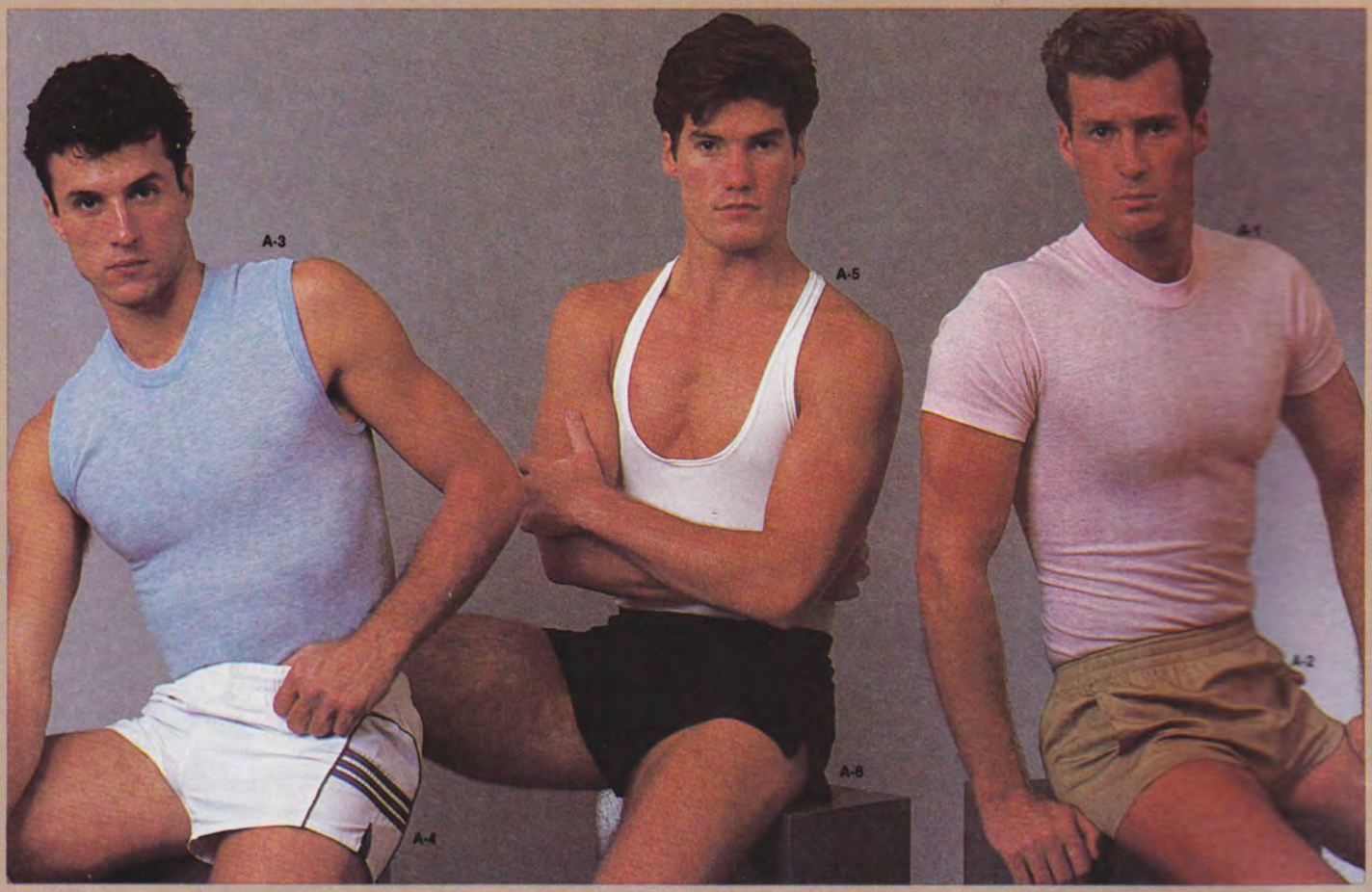
THE ONYX CORPORATION



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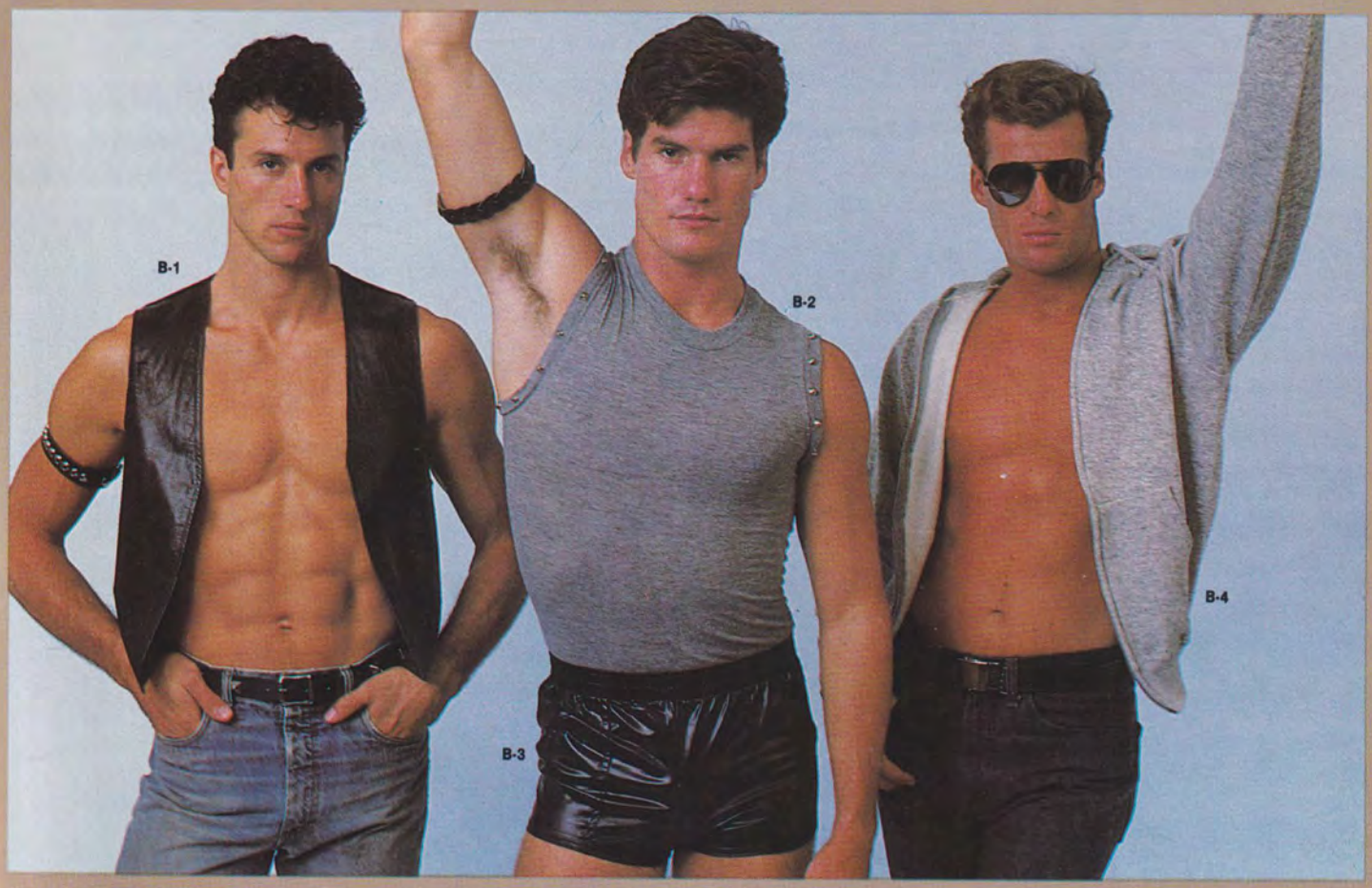

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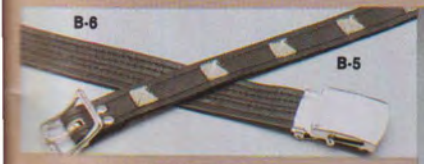

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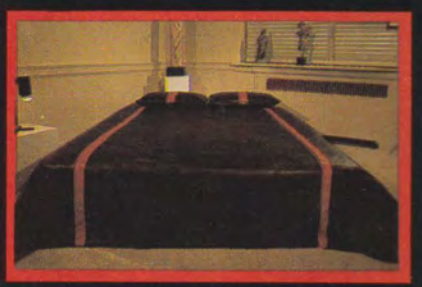

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VOLUME 6 • NUMBER 11
FEBRUARY 1984

COVER: KRISTEN BJORN

CONTENTS

4 FICTION: TOP JOCKS
10 EROTIC COMICS: ALEX
13 NUDES: CIAO, BABY!
19 FICTION: THE BEST LITTLE LIGHTHOUSE
21 NUDES: SOCKS
30 FICTION: STUNT MAN
41 NUDES: TIME FOR TWO
50 FICTION: MASTER BLASTER
52 NUDES: J/O
62 NUDES: BUDDY SYSTEM
69 NUDES: IN HOT WATER
79 CLASSIFIEDS: MAN SEARCH
89 NUDES: FUR TRAPPER

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CHARTER MEMBER

TOP JOCKS

by Tomm Du Puis • Photos by Surge

Stan was a tight end receiver for the Chicago Bucks. After he and I had been roommates for one night, the term had a meaning other than football jargon.

The meeting, long and boring, lasted well into the night. The coach droned on and on saying nothing, absolutely nothing. My mind began to wander; my eyes shot over to the chair where Chet Becker sat. He was squirming and fidgeting, constantly pulling at his crotch. "Squirm, you bastard!" I thought. "You deserve it!"

I scanned the room for Stan Zielinski. He was at the far end. "God, what a build!" I thought. He was wearing a pair of tight cut-offs and a t-shirt that showed off his two perfect nipples attached to his massive chest.

Stan, too, was watching Becker, and a self-satisfied grin crossed his face as poor Chet seemed to become more and more uncomfortable with each passing moment. I wondered if Stan was thinking the same thing I was. I glanced down at the large bulge between his bare muscular legs. Yeah, he was thinking the same thing.

I tried to concentrate on what the coach was saying, but I couldn't. My thoughts went back to several weeks ago when I first met Stan Zielinski. We were both reporting to the Chicago Bucks rookie camp. The Bucks are a professional football team. They haven't been winning many games lately, but with rookies like Stan, I figured that the season was going to be better.

Stan was a tight end receiver. One look at him and you knew why. He was all-American from S.M.U., six-feet-three-inches and weighing at least two hundred forty pounds, bare assed, with a giant cock and solid buns. His baby face was accentuated

by his closely cropped blond hair.

Me, I came from Southern Illinois University and was by no means a draft choice. I still couldn't understand why they signed me, but I was not about to ask.

The Bucks' training camp was set up on the campus of a small men's college in Meadville, Indiana. The team owners claimed they picked this spot because there was nothing to distract the players. Bullshit! Every one of the rookies I saw that afternoon distracted me. They looked like ads out of Jockey International, with their large heavy baskets and huge protruding asses.

It was early summer when the rookie training session began. The team's veterans weren't scheduled to report for two more weeks. The coaches wanted to look us over and that they did, in more ways than one.

Stan and I were paired as roommates. Since I didn't know this guy too well, I decided to play it straight. About five minutes after I got to our room and started unpacking, I turned around to find Stan stark naked, his hands on his hips.

"Get them off!" He pointed to my t-shirt and levis. "Let's see what I got for a bunkmate, a cock man or an ass man."

I stripped down to my shorts. Then he stopped me, saying, "I'll take the pants off." He reached over and did just that. He jerked my cock with his strong right hand and fondled my balls. "Not bad," he commented. "About eight inches, I'd say."

"I'd say that you were about an eleven incher." I too was taking a good look at my roommate.

"Twelve," he corrected me. "Okay, kid, on the bed, ass up." I want to see what you've got between those two big melons."

I lay there, belly down, while he ran his hands up my legs and over my buns. He finally parted them to get a good look at my asshole. He let his finger gently probe my slot. By this time, I had a roaring hard-on and was begging him to fuck me. "What's your hurry?" he answered. "We've got all afternoon."

But we didn't have all afternoon. A few minutes later, the voice of one of the assistant coaches came through the closed door. "All right, you guys. Get your butts downstairs to Medical for your physicals."

Stan and I dressed quickly and ran downstairs only to undress again in the Medical Department. It was the usual routine, a thermometer up our asses and a bottle to piss in. The doctor lined us up, moved his stethoscope across our chests, thumped our bodies a couple of times, and had us cough while he pressed his finger under our balls.

What came next was not so routine. One by one we mounted an examining table and lay on our backs. Two of the assistant coaches sprayed our pubic areas with shaving cream and shaved the bushy hair from our cocks and balls. We were turned over and the bristles on our behinds and between our legs were also removed. They took a large swab, dipped it into a medicated substance, and dabbed it on our pubic areas.

To some, this may sound a little kinky, but there is a very good reason for it. Anyone who has ever played football in the hot summer sun knows about a thing called jock rash. This rash is a result of having to wear an athletic support with a plastic cup in the pouch. The shaving was a form of preventive medicine.

We were given a short lecture by a heavy-set, gray-haired man in his mid-forties. He was Rocco Rossi, the head coach of the Bucks. He was our boss. He sent us to the locker room to suit up for practice, then he worked our balls off. I was dog tired when we hit the showers late that afternoon. I looked around for Stan, but he was nowhere in sight. I had seen him talking to Chet Becker, one of the back field coaches, and I figured he was still huddling with him.

I made an amazing discovery when I entered the shower room. Stan and I weren't the only rookies playing cocks and balls! The whole damn rookie class was into it. The shower room scene was like an orgy, with everyone sucking everyone else. One guy in the corner was on his knees while the man over him was giving him a golden shower. There was a threesome up front with one man on another's hard cock while he was getting fucked in the ass by a giant jock cock. If I hadn't been so damned tired, I would have stayed, but I needed rest before I could fuck.

I dragged myself back upstairs. Christ, this was only the first day. What was the summer going to be like?

The door to my room was ajar. I pushed it open and found Stan lying naked across his bunk, face down. The first thing I noticed were the welt marks on his ass. I hadn't seen marks like that since I was a pledge in college.

"What happened?"

Stan buried his head in the pillow, trying to suppress his outrage and anger. I sat down next to him. "Where do you keep your liniment? That should help."

"No it won't." He was so angry he could hardly speak above a whisper.

It didn't take much to coax the story from him. He turned on his back and sank into the pillow, his eyes glued to the ceiling.

"Was it Becker, the back field coach?" I guessed.

"Yeah," he answered in a rage.

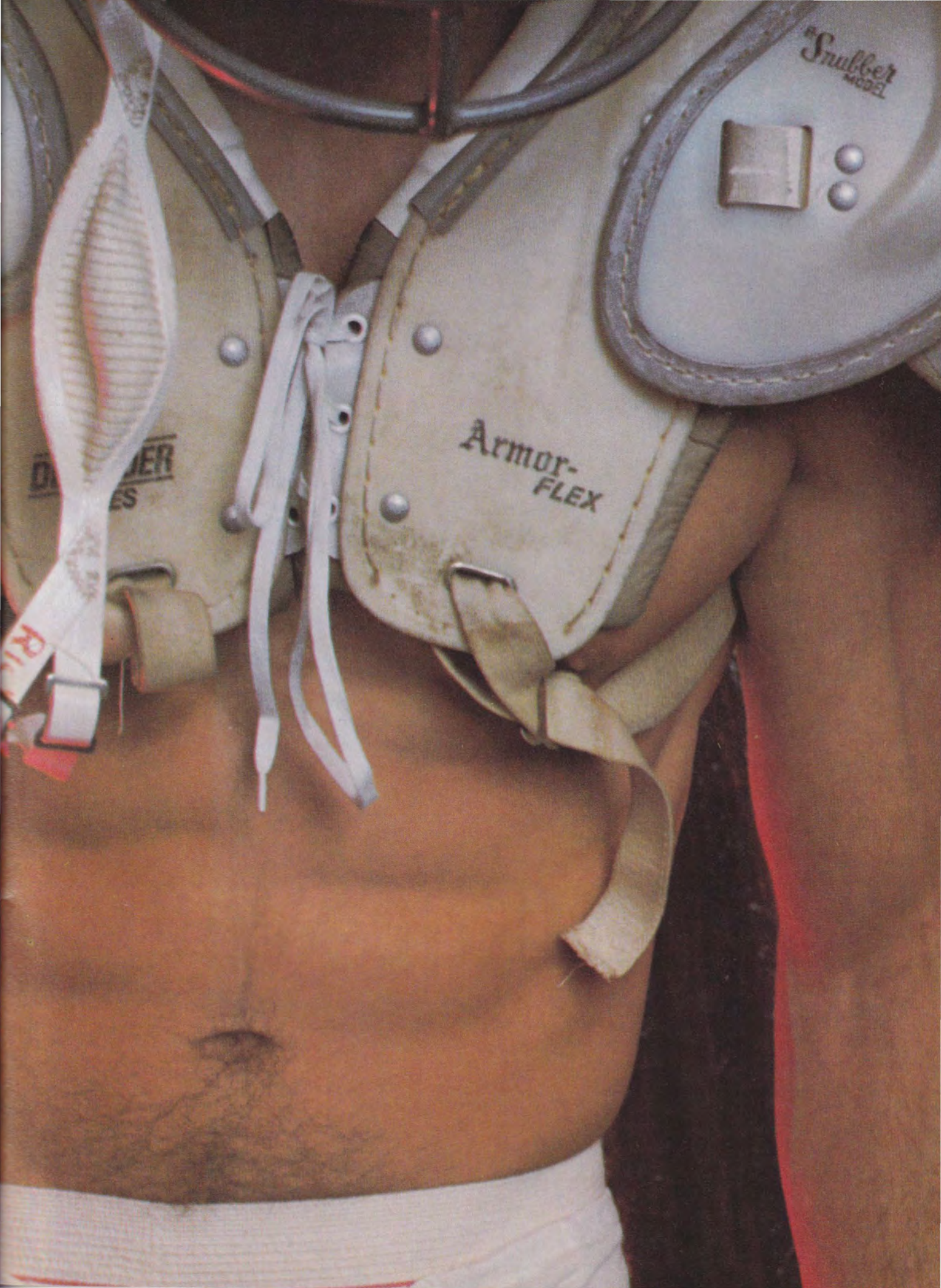
"What did he do, fuck you?"

"Worse!" He sat up now and gave me the details. "We were coming off the field when Becker stopped me. He said he wanted to talk to me. We went to the training room, you know the place. It has those massage tables and a jacuzzi against the wall."

I nodded and he continued.

"There was his assistant standing there. He's a kid about nineteen years old. He has a summer job with Becker. The kid's well built and towers over his asshole boss. He was wearing tank trunks and his hard cock made me suspicious. I figured he was waiting for some kind of show. Well, he got one. The first thing Becker tells me is to strip down. I didn't know what he had in mind, so I stripped. You know I'm a top man and nobody, but nobody, touches my cock without permission. This asshole wraps his cruddy mitts around my balls and starts playing with them. I

The coach took the rookie's cock in his hand and started to play with it. The rookie was accustomed to being a top man, so he told the coach to lay off. Then the coach said: "Buddy, your career in the NFL is in my hands."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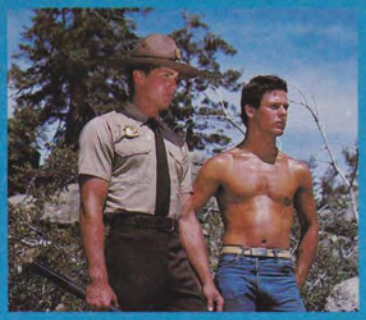

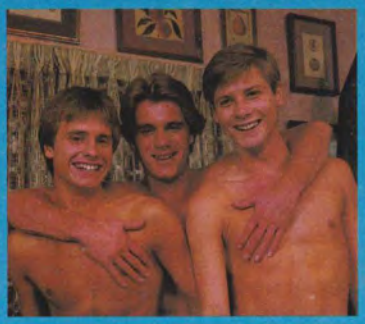

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told him to lay off in no uncertain terms. He just looked at me, then he told me that my career in the N.F.L. was in his hands. If I didn't cooperate, he'd see to it that I never played in the pros again."

"How?"

"Easy, kid. All he had to do was get a rumor started that I was a trouble maker or something like that, anything at all. I'm just a rookie. Who'd take my word against a coach? I need this job. After all, football is my life. So I just meekly asked him what he wanted me to do."

Stan drew a deep breath and went on with his story. "He had me get up on the massage table and lay on my belly with my ass in the air. Then that punk kid handed him a hard leather paddle and he laid it across my butt with all the force he had. My cheeks were burning so bad I started to cry out, begging him to stop. He loved that and only applied more pressure. He finally got tired and I found that he had something else up his sleeve. He left the room and returned with an enema bag. It wasn't the regular size but the largest bag I ever saw. It was filled to the brim with warm water.

"When he held up the bag, I got the picture. I squatted so he could shove the nozzle between my cheeks. Seconds later the warm water was overflowing my guts. God, how I had to go. But he wouldn't let me off the table and when the bag was empty, I was pleading with him to let me relieve myself.

"I've got a proposition," Becker said in his slow deep drawl. "I'll let you go if you agree to let us fuck you."

"Both of you?" I eyed his kid assistant who was standing there with a silly smirk on his face.

"That's the deal, take it or leave it."

"I had no choice. After about fifteen minutes in the john, I returned to get fucked. The first one on me was Becker. He had a short thick cock that felt like a pencil up my ass. I don't know why, but my dick was beginning to grow and that really turned the bastard on.

"Becker's assistant was on me then, and before I knew what was happening, I was off the table and laying on the floor, face up. He pushed my legs up to my chest. Then the guy knelt down and started licking and biting at my nipples. Next, I felt his tongue under my arm pits. Christ, he was driving me crazy! After that he shoved his cock into my mouth and I worked on his long steel shaft. As I sucked his balls, I felt my cum traveling up my shaft. I was ready to shoot!"

"Meanwhile, Becker got on his knees for a second helping. I thought he was going to fist fuck me but instead he pushed his dick up my hole and he filled it up again.

"I started to shoot, but these bastards had no intention of letting me do that. Becker punched me in the gut, and that was that. The pain was so bad my cock went limp. They left me on the floor and I finally managed to get back to the room."

He let out a long sigh, then looked at me for a moment. Suddenly, he drew me close to his hunky body. Neither Stan nor I showed up for supper that night. We had something else to do, and Stan did it very well!

The next two weeks were absolutely great. Stan and I shared everything together: the shower, the bunk, our cocks and asses. Stan had a way of maneuvering my soft buns and tender asshole that gave me a charge I had never experienced before. Every night his long plunging rod found its way up my slot and we would fall asleep in each other's arms.

It was also during that time that I realized I had no business in the pros. They were way out of my league and I couldn't understand why Coach Rossi didn't cut me. He had his reasons, which I found out on the day before the team's veterans were to report for training.

When Rossi called me into his office, I was sure this was it. He'd tell me how sorry he was but I just didn't make it. He'd ask me to turn in my equipment gear and the play book. Then he'd politely tell me to get the hell out of camp.

As I sat there waiting for the ax, he stunned me. "You know, you could be an asset to the team."

"How do you mean, Coach?"

"Well, you and I both know that as a linebacker, you stink. You're the lousiest rookie I ever came across. But you've got something I need and if we both play our cards right, well. . ."

"What do you want?" I looked at him suspiciously.

"You know Lumber Jack Sarther, don't you?"

"I know of him. Who doesn't? He's your star quarterback."

"That's right. But, you see, Jack only plays well when he's happy. You've got something that would make him happy. Very happy."

Continued to page 12

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KISS IT!
TELL ME TO KISS IT...TELL ME TO PUT IT IN MY MOUTH... I DON'T WANT TO...
TELL ME TO SUCK YOUR DICK... MAKE ME EAT THIS BIG DICK...TELL ME TO...
EAT IT! EAT THAT DICK!
KISS MY DICK, DADDY... THAT'S IT, DADDY... EAT THAT COCK... CHEW IT ALL DOWN... YEAH, GAG ON IT, DADDY...
I DON'T WANT TO... I DON'T WANT TO SUCK IT... PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME! I DON'T WANT TO...
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TOP JOCKS

Continued from page 9

I understood perfectly what he was driving at, but I was confused. "I thought Lumber Jack was happily married," I blurted out. "Two kids, a house in the suburbs, and all that shit."

"Christ, most of the guys on the team are married. The meat and potatoes may be at home but when they get here they want sweets. Do you know what Lumber Jack's favorite dessert is? Jelly cocks and sugar balls. I've seen you bare assed, kid. You've got French pastries between those legs. What do you say, a deal?"

I couldn't refuse. Lumber Jack was one hunk of man. He was twenty-eight and stood at least six-feet-four. His body was one mass of muscles, and his solid ass was the most beautiful thing on the football field. He had short, black curly hair and deep blue eyes with a dimple on the right side of his beardless face. How did I ever get so lucky?

The next day, Stan and I parted. It wasn't as difficult as I had expected. They paired him off with Charley LeBlanc, a veteran halfback and another beautiful hunk. This fox was nicknamed Gorgeous Charley, and Stan found out that LeBlanc was a perfect bottom.

I met Lumber Jack shortly after lunch that day while I was settling into my new quarters. This was a much larger room and, instead of the regulation steel bunks, there was a king-sized bed covered with blue satin sheets. A private bath and telephone also came with these plush accommodations.

I was in the bathroom taking a piss when Jack appeared at the door. "Hi, don't stop on my account." He had a grin on his face, as he watched me piss.

I wasn't about to stop. My dick and balls were outside my fly, since I was wearing an extra-tight pair of jeans. I noticed that his attention was focused on my cock.

I finished. He was instantly behind me, unfastening the button at the top of my levis. His huge hairy hands groped me all over as my pants fell to the floor. God, what a feeling. His hands darted in and out and around my cock and balls. He searched between the folds of my buns and found the knot in my butt. He rubbed his hand across the hole and whispered in my ear, "I've got to taste that. Why don't you get out of your duds while I take a piss."

I went into the bedroom as excited as he was. My rod was at full mast. I glanced over to a corner of the room where his luggage was. Christ! I thought. He's going to fuck me before he's even unpacked.

Lumber Jack was as good in bed as he was on the field. And he called the signals even under the sheets. He liked to position himself behind me, with my ass in his face, and tongue lap the gap around my asshole. Then he'd penetrate my opening, moving his tongue in and out in a rhythmic pulse until I was wild.

"Are you ready, baby?" he'd ask. At that point his jumbo shaft eased into my ass and soon a steady stream of cum filled it.

I liked Jack Sarther from the first moment we met. As the days passed, our relationship began to deepen. But I couldn't let that happen; the guy was married and had two kids. I was a summer diversion, and I found myself in the middle of an impossible situation.

I suited up for every practice session, although I never went out on the field. While Jack and I were in the locker room, he'd stay away from me and fool around with the other guys, patting their behinds and playfully tugging at their cocks. I found myself becoming jealous even of Stan Zielinski, my close friend.

Jesus Christ, that did it. The deal is off, I decided. It was toward the end of summer when training camp was winding up. I planned to tell Coach Rossi to shove his deal, and then take off.

Jack must have sensed something was up, because he stopped by as I was about to enter the Coach's office. "I want to talk to you," he said sternly. He grabbed my arm and took me back to our room, where he threw me on the bed. "You listen to me, kid. I'm sick of your parading your buns all over the locker room and waving your cock in the face of all those horny bastards. I own a condo in Chicago, on Lake Shore Drive. Here's the key. In the morning, get your little ass out of here and over to that apartment. When I get back I want to find you enrolled at the University of Illinois grad school, Chicago Circle Campus. They have a great Phys. Ed. program."

Then he picked up the phone and began dialing as he was still talking to me. "I'm calling the First National

Continued to page 40

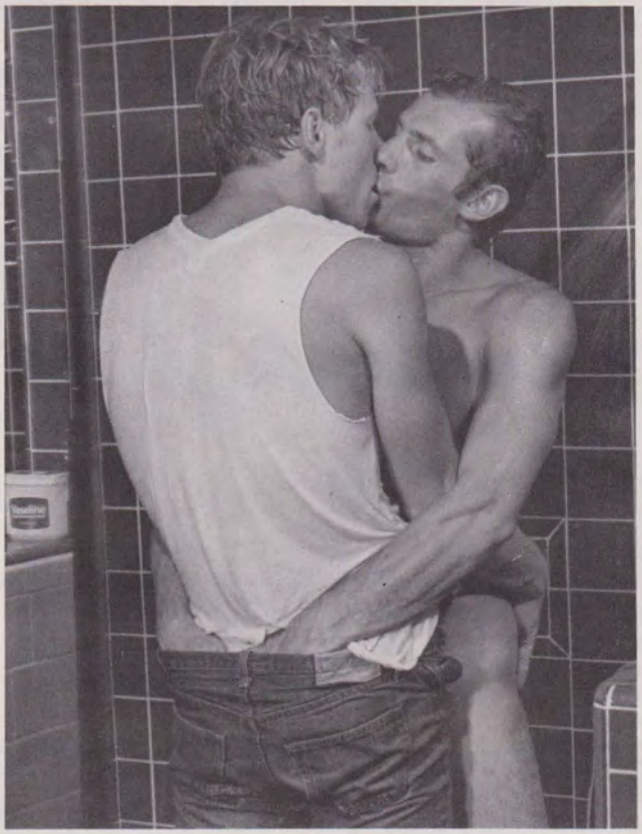
Ciao, Baby!

As soon as Bill heard that a handsome young Italian had moved into the house next to his, he headed over to give the newcomer a neighborly welcome. But when he spied Giorgio in the shower washing his hunky body, he got no farther than the bathroom window.

Section photographed by Nova

Ciao, Baby!

Bill crouched outside the window and breathlessly watched. He tried to be inconspicuous, but the Italian sensed his presence and looked up. Not being bilingual, Bill interpreted Giorgio's friendly "Ciao!" as an invitation to a feast. So he came in and chowed down on Giorgio's juicy Roman roll.



Ciao, Baby!

In a flash Giorgio grabbed hold of Bill and wrestled him down with his big, strong arms, all the while whispering ardent endearments in Bill's ear. The only words Bill could understand were "culo" and "delicioso," but he soon discovered that a little petroleum jelly can help smooth over any language barriers.

THE BEST LITTLE LIGHTHOUSE

by John Castle • Illustration by Richard White

The sharp crack of thunder damn near split his balls. Skip Bayley propped his bike against a tree and pulled his poncho over his head. Goddam! A hundred miles north of Toronto, and caught in a thunderstorm! And the road he'd followed round the lake ended here at a locked gate with the sign *'Entry Prohibited!'* Maybe a dry hut in there where he could shelter? He slung his pack over the fence, then his bike, and pedaled through the blinding rain.

The track ended at a stone cottage. Beyond it he saw a dim spire, its erect piston thick at the butt and tapering to a swelling tip. A lighthouse! "Probably converted to auto-

matic," Skip muttered. "So the cottage should be empty." He paused briefly, staring at the rigid prong of lighthouse jutting up stiff as a smooth hard-on — He flushed, remembering why he'd fled away from college two weeks ago when the coach made a pass at him. Dirty bastard! Flashing that big thick cock in the showers when the other guys had left; jerking the cheesy foreskin so that Skip could see the huge juicy knob, as the coach flogged his meat in front of Skip's horrified eyes. Shit, the bastard had a big dick!

Skip pushed open the cottage door. Must be a hundred years old; stone floor, old furniture, and, surprisingly, a fire in the huge fireplace. "Anyone here?" Skip called.

No answer. He explored: a tiny bedroom, bathroom, kitchen. Nobody. He stripped off his wet clothes and stood naked by the fire. God, the heat felt good on bare ass and swinging balls. He glimpsed himself in the mirror opposite. No wonder the coach had been turned on. Skip's hard muscular body was golden and trim, his asscheeks like fat young melons. His fingers crept to his tits, pinching them, then lower, to young spunk-filled balls and heavy cock. He thought of the dream he'd had in his sleeping bag last night...

up into his mouth, where it had mixed with Big Tom's acid piss that he was gulping down.

Skip looked down now, horrified to see that his cock was up, stiff and jerking. "Donkey Dick," the coach had whispered. "Biggest one I've seen. Lemme suck it for ya, baby!"

Skip looked round the cottage and saw the paintings for the first time. Jesus, were they ever wild! The same guy in each one; about thirty, black bearded, with dark tormented eyes, his muscular body ripped into every shocking form of torture. And the cock on him! It pronged out of the canvas at Skip, huge and thick and swollen like the massive lighthouse outside, begging for his touch even as the guy lay chained and helpless, pleading for mercy.

Skip reached out and let his fingers trail that massive stem; Christ, had they followed him even here, the filthy thoughts he'd tried to leave behind? Suddenly he whirled, gasping. A guy stood there, black bearded and hard eyed.

The guy in the paintings!

They stared at each other and Skip prayed that his cock, stiff and hard on his guts, would go down. "I — got wet," Skip mumbled, trying to cover his throbbing dick.

"Me too!" He extended a hand.

Skip's eyes feasted on the lighthouse man's massive chest, his bulging pecs, and his magnificent dick. And round the hairy base of it, as if welded to his fuck-pole, was a huge studded cockring!

The whole goddam football team had stood over him, naked cocks jutting, muscular legs braced apart, hairy balls bouncing as they jerked off over him. Oh shit, he could still see those young fists thrashing, the white jetting spurts of hot cum exploding from their cocks and splashing down on his face; then Big Tom had put his foot on Skip's throat and made him lick it, and aimed his softening cock and pissed a boiling stream showering and splashing on Skip's mouth. Skip had gulped the acid nectar; and the others had followed, hosing him with their scalding piss. When he felt their stinking juice spray him, his cock and balls had exploded and shot great gobs of cum

"They call me Jubal."

"Skip Bayley," Skip said. The rough hand crushed Skip's with fierce dominance. The black eyes crept over Skip's naked chest and tits, then down to the darker forest of hairs that roiled round his jutting cock. Skip's prick slapped up even harder on his hairy guts. Without a word, Jubal threw him a robe and Skip put it on. Then Jubal began to strip off his own wet clothes!

Skip tried to look away, but his rebel eyes feasted on the massive chest and bulging pecs whose fat nipples were almost hidden by the dense black hairs foaming to the belt of his pants. Skip could hardly breathe as the pants were pushed down, slowly, slowly! Could the cock possibly be as big as the paintings? And then — oh shit, Skip's tool rocketed up in his robe. The dick was magnificent! Arching out over swollen balls, thick, thicker than the paintings! And round the massive hairy base, as if iron-welded to his tool, was a huge studded cockring. Skip gasped, staring wide-eyed as the man turned.

His asscheeks were sweet perfection. The black hairs curled into the dark slash between his two glorious globes, and as Jubal bent over to pour drinks, Skip looked right up the hairy tunnel of his asshole to the winking mouth, which was fringed with curling wet asshairs.

Jubal handed drinks, pulled on a brief leather bikini over his massive basket, then slipped his arms into a studded leather vest. "How'd you get here?" he snapped.

"Bike trip," Skip mumbled. "College holidays. I just had to get away. You the lighthouse man?"

Jubal nodded. "Which gives me time for my hobby." He nodded at the paintings he'd done. "I see you liked 'em."

Skip blushed. "Why do you always put yourself in the paintings? And why the — the torture?"

"That's not me," Jubal scowled. "It's a guy who's been a legend around here for centuries. Moses Magee!"

"Moses Magee?"

"Ahuh! A pirate who terrorized this coast for years." The black eyes studied Skip. "He knew more ways to torture a man than you got hairs on your balls."

Skip frowned. "But you paint it like he's being tortured?"

"That's the way I see him," Jubal said. "A man hating himself for the fuck-lust that obsesses him, and punishing himself for it with self-inflicted torture. In one day he fucked sixteen men, then castrated 'em and made 'em eat each other's balls. The guy was a fuck-crazy fiend."

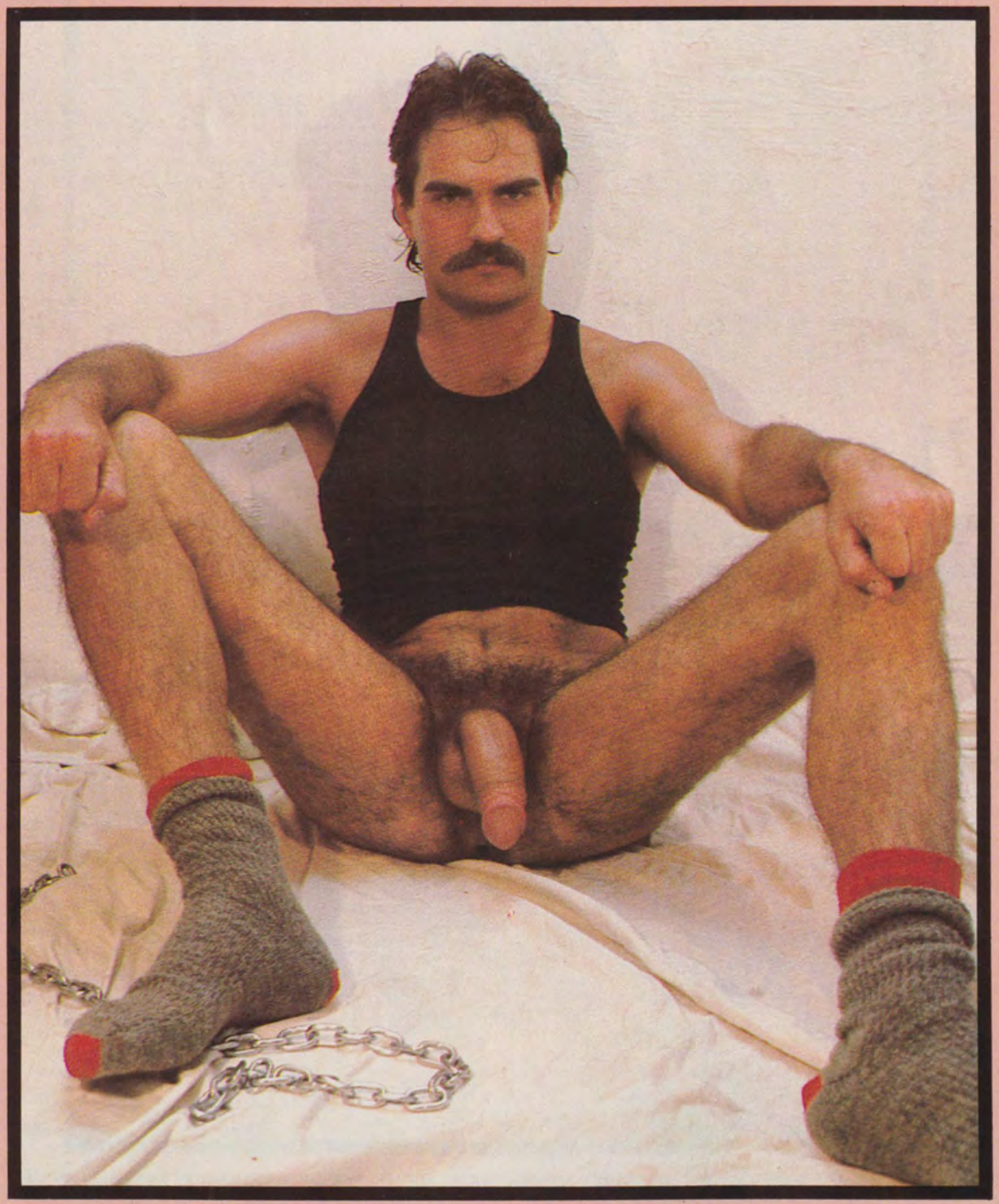
Skip shivered. "Men?"

"Sure! Who else was there to fuck at sea? That's why they always had a cabin-boy aboard." He sipped his rum, staring at Skip, "I read the secret memoirs stashed away in the British Museum. The young punks had their assholes plugged fifteen or twenty times a night by the sailors."

Skip gulped his rum. "Didn't it — hurt?"

Jubal scowled. "You never been fucked in the ass?" *Continued to page 29*

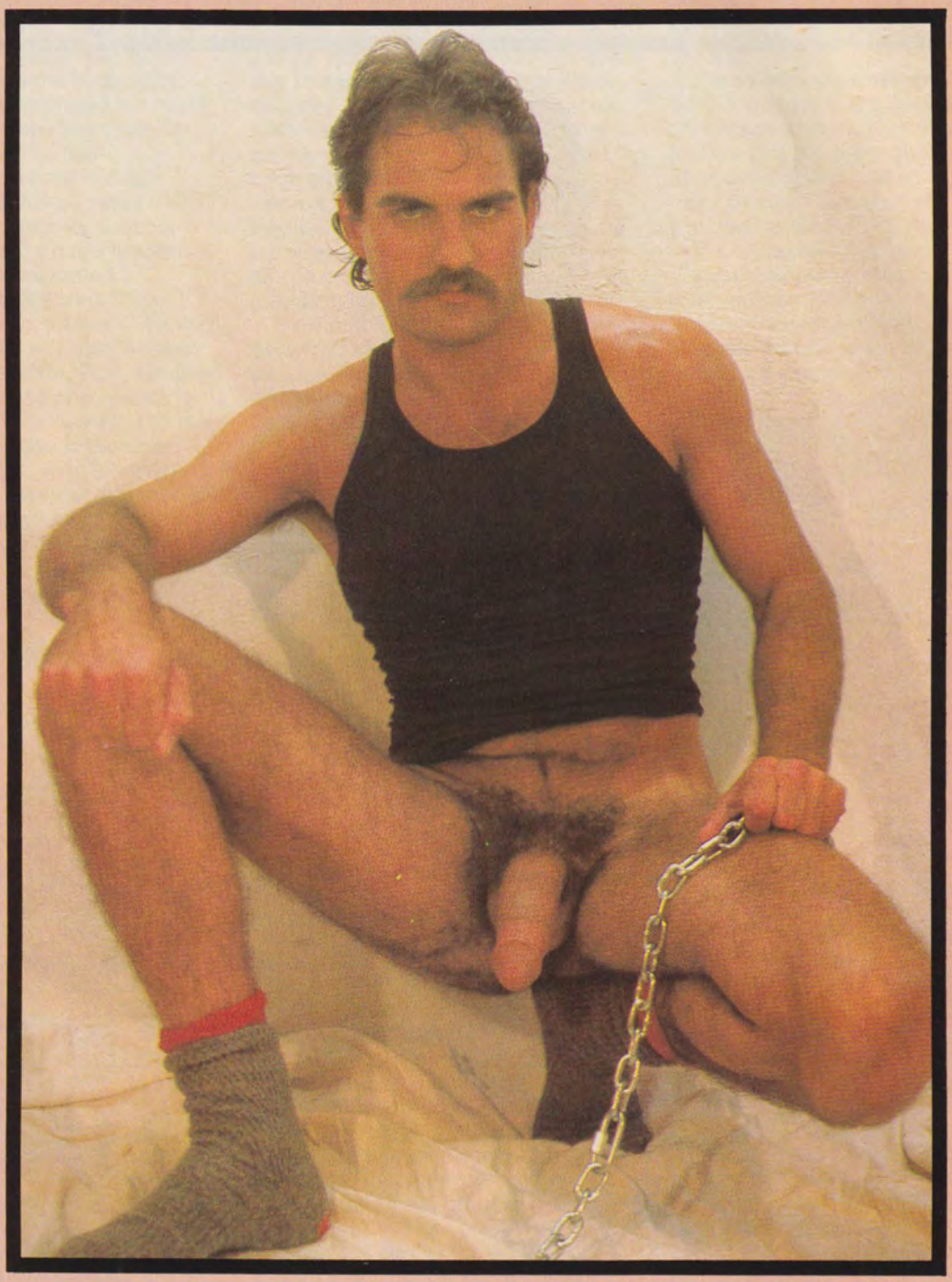
SOCKS



WHOEVER SAID "BETTER WITH YOUR BOOTS ON" SAID A MOUTHFUL. BUT IT'S EVEN BETTER WITH SOCKS ON AND VERY LITTLE ELSE.

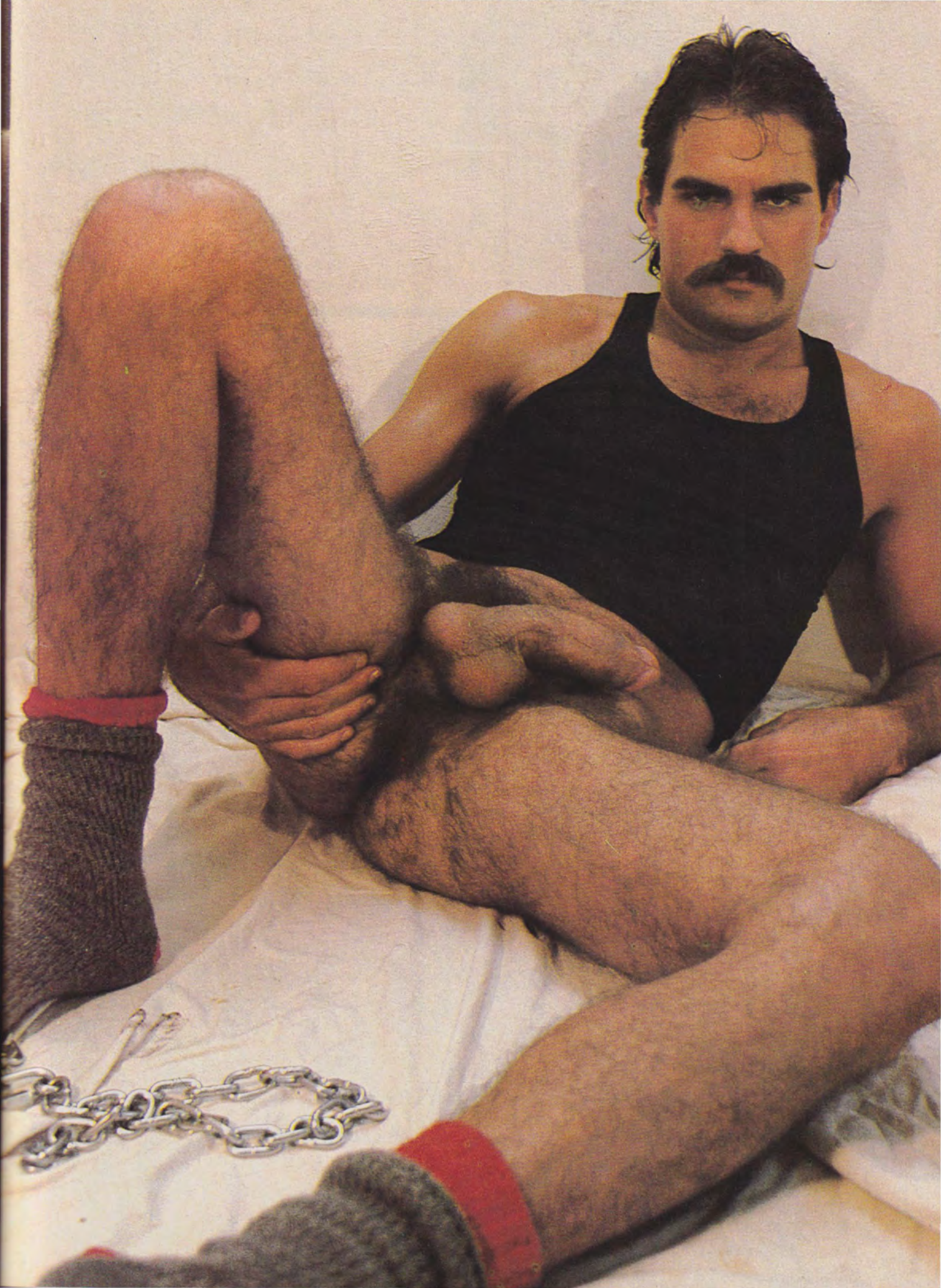
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED BISONNES

SOCKS

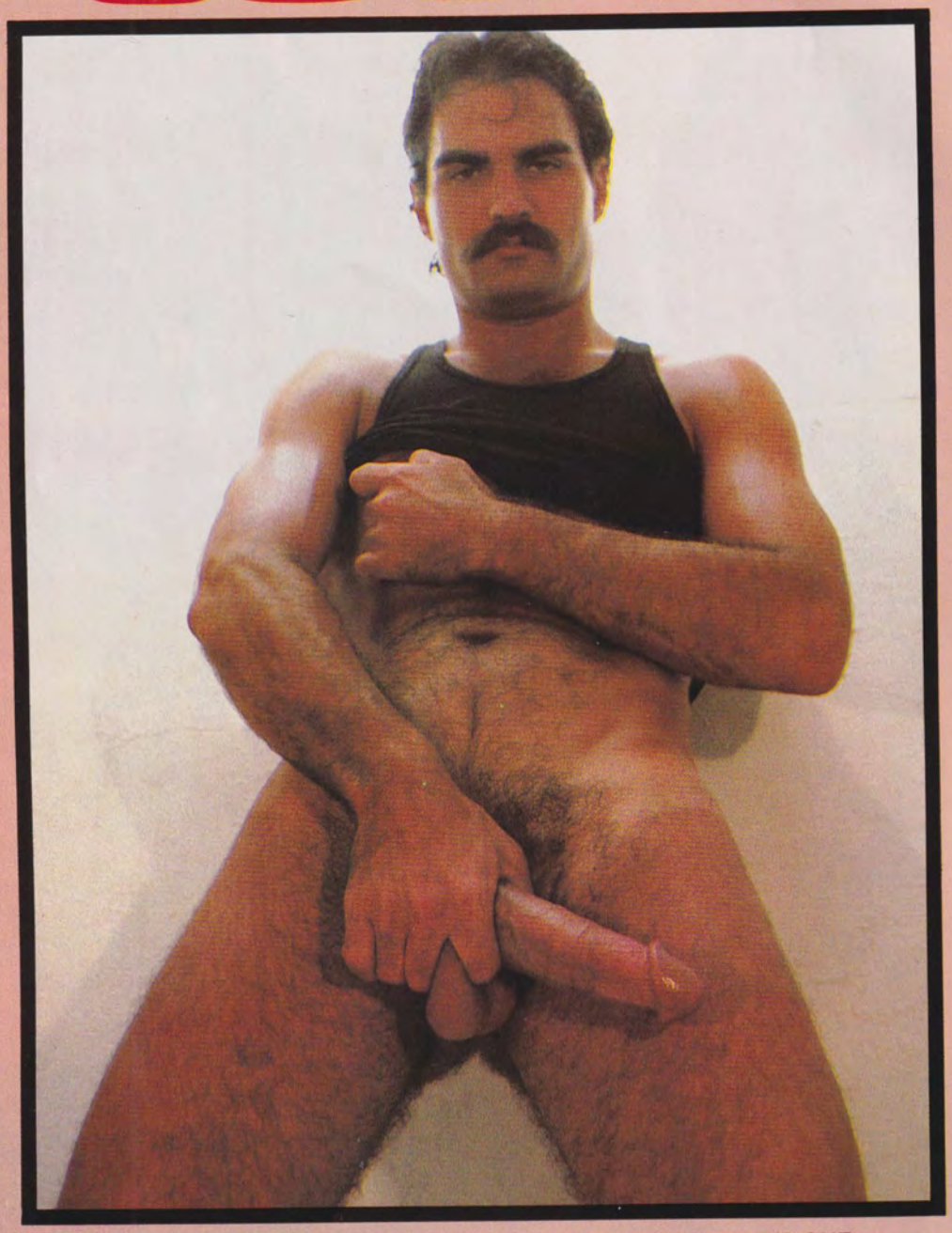


DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THE CHAIN. HE WON'T BE NEEDING IT NOW THAT HE KNOWS YOU'RE WILLING TO GO ALONG WITH HIS PROGRAM. HE WANTS YOU TO WORK HIM OVER WITH YOUR TONGUE. STARTING WITH THE SOCKS.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRED BISONNES



SOCKS



LOOKS LIKE YOU WENT DIRECTLY FROM THE SOCKS TO HIS BIG ONE. AND YOU GOT A FAST RESPONSE, DIDN'T YOU? WELL, DO IT SOME MORE, HE SEEMS TO LIKE YOU.

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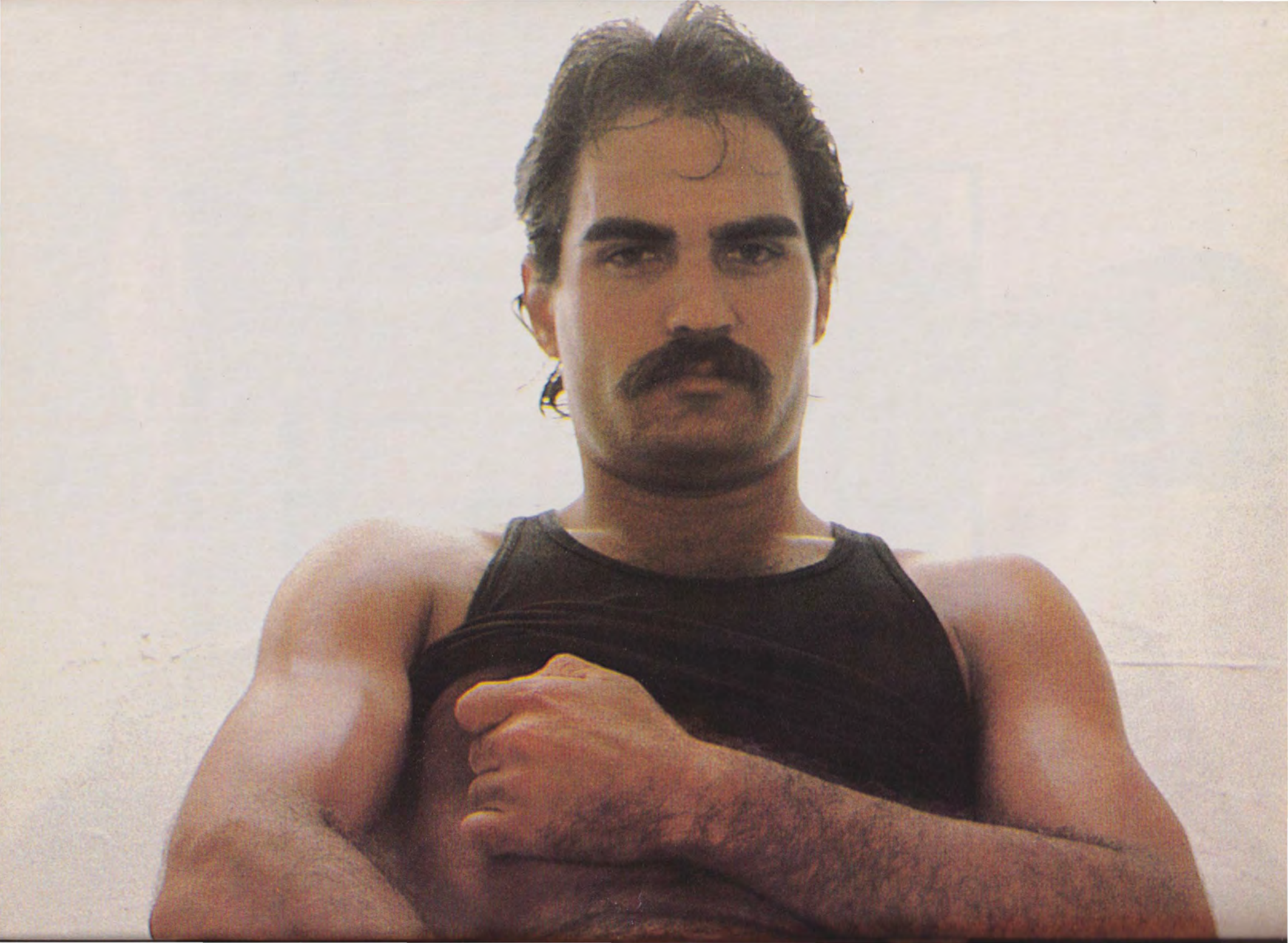

SOCKS

YOU'VE FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THE SOCKS. AND SO HAS HE. NEVER MIND ABOUT THE SOCKS; JUST KEEP WORKING ON THAT JOYSTICK. SUCK IT, FUCKER!

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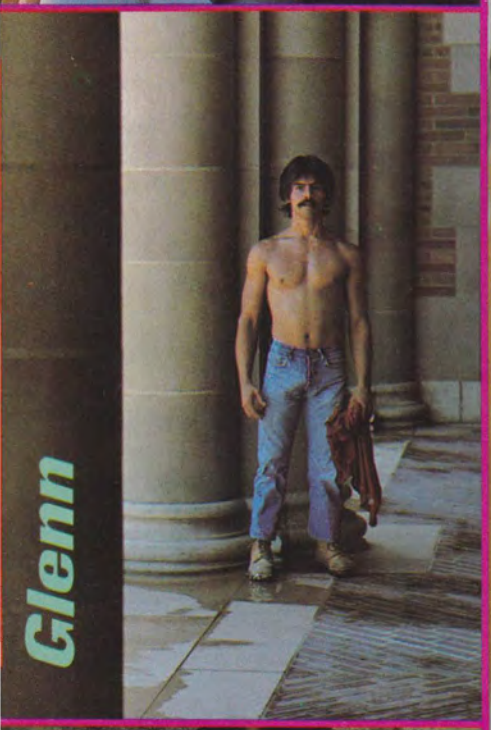

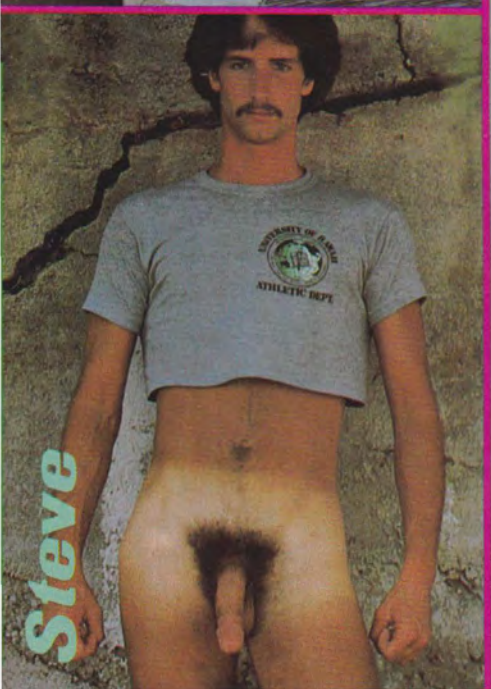

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THE BEST LITTLE LIGHTHOUSE

Continued from page 20

Skip's face flamed. "Of course not!"

"But you'd like to, wouldn't you?"

God, it was all going too fast! "I don't know," Skip said desperately. "I've had these thoughts; guess that's why I ran away. I couldn't let myself do anything."

Jubal's eyes narrowed. "Maybe someone should make you do 'em. Then you wouldn't feel guilty."

Skip swallowed. "Please — could we talk about something else? I was on the college magazine," he babbled, to fill the gap. "I want to be a writer but they say —"

"That you need to suffer first!" Jubal looked up at the paintings. "Like Moses Magee suffered, because only then can you express your true feelings." He rose and stood before Skip, his massive legs braced wide apart. The firelight glinted on the studded leather bikini.

"What — what are you doing?" Skip breathed.

"Nothin', baby," Jubal whispered. "You're gonna do it!"

Slowly he pushed down the leather bikini. His stake stood up like the fucking lighthouse outside, the thick wedging shaft with its throbbing veins and blunt hammer head pronging from a dense black forest of glistening hairy balls.

"Please don't," Skip gasped.

It was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen; absolutely rigid, curving up in a great horn of flesh from its anchoring root beneath the mighty balls, the end bending to a glorious helmet of swollen scarlet flesh. A great thick ridge of hose swelled along the bottom of the shaft. Even as Skip stared, the eye of the fat spunktube oozed glutinous lovejuice from its gaping ruby hole. "Oh God," Skip groaned.

Thick bulging veins girded the base like snakes round the massive cockring. "Even at school they called me the Lighthouse Man," Jubal whispered. "Now you see why." He made the magnificent curving erection buck like a whiplash. "Once it's up, it won't go down for three hours, no matter how many times I shoot." Skip's fascinated eyes couldn't leave the incredible machine vibrating just inches from his lips. "Take it slow, baby," Jubal invited. "Tongue that big dick and lap up its juice."

Skip tried to resist but his body disobeyed his commands. The cock was rigid on Jubal's hairy guts. The gaping red eye stood at the top of the column, the carved arrowhead of the undercock pointed to the drooling piss-slit. Skip's tongue licked out, dipping into the rosy core, lapping the nectarous slime that oozed from the glowing hole. He closed his eyes, groaning, then felt Jubal's hands on his robe.

He gasped as Jubal exposed him. The hand caressed his belly, then — "Oh Christ," Skip moaned as the hand gripped his cockhead. His mouth gaped wide; Jubal's huge cock slid in throat-deep as Jubal fucked the virgin lips. Skip felt the steel spikes of the cockring rip his mouth. "No," he screamed, and jerked away. "I can't do it."

Instantly Jubal pulled back. "Easy, baby. We went too fast." He stood behind Skip, massaging his shoulders. Skip closed his eyes, relaxing. Then suddenly it happened with terrifying speed. A rope flashed round his chest and pinned him to the chair; another snapped round his ankles, jerking his legs wide open. Within seconds he was totally helpless. "What are you doing?" Skip yelled, struggling frantically.

"Shut up, you fuckin' cock-teasin' son of a bitch," Jubal snarled. His hand lashed out and slapped Skip on the lips. Another blow and another followed. "Think you can come in here and get me horny, then walk out with your sweet-boy legs crossed!"

Skip stared up with terrified eyes. Jubal's face was now the twisted maniacal creature in the painting. He slapped Skip again. "You're gonna suck cock, baby, and you're gonna love it!" He gripped Skip's hair and jerked his head back, the huge cock battering Skip's clenched teeth. Jubal's thumbs ground into Skip's neck. Skip screamed in agony; his mouth flew open and the huge banana-curve of red meat rammed down his throat. "Suck it, baby," Jubal snarled and slapped the gasping cheeks again. "Take my hot spunking load down your throat."

Skip felt the spiked cockring rip his mouth, then a sudden flooding burst of hot spunk jetted deep in his guts. Jubal grabbed Skip's head, forcing him onto the spouting tool, holding absolutely still as the spunktube gushed and pumped its thick spermy load from his balls into the kid's throat. Skip tried to vomit it out, but Jubal blocked his nose, so that he had to gulp great salty wads of cream as the horsedick sprayed into him. Abruptly Jubal pulled out, spurting the last jets into Skip's eyes and hair. "Please," Skip begged. "No more, no more!"

"That's only the first," Jubal grinned. He jerked his head at the paintings. "My great grand-daddy Moses Magee wouldn't let you off so easy." Skip's eyes opened wide with horror. Jubal nodded. "My ancestor. That's my name, baby. Jubal Magee!"

He was in the hands of a madman! "You won't cut off my balls?" Skip pleaded.

Jubal fondled the bulging hairy sack. "These fat eggs? Depends on you, cunt-lips. Please me, and I might just let you keep those big juicy babies."

His dick stood up, straight and huge, like the lighthouse outside. The thick shaft with its throbbing veins and its blunt hammer head poked out of a dense black forest of glistening hairy balls.

"Oh God," Skip begged. "I'll do anything, anything!"

Jubal stared down at his helpless victim; at the juicy young tits on the bulging pecs. Savagely he licked his lips, then took two huge glass containers with narrow necks, heated them under the hot water tap, then jammed them down on Skip's apricot nipples. Skip flinched at the sudden heat, then stared horrified at his tits as the air in the empty jars cooled, sucking his nipples in until their rosy aureoles swelled as if giant mouths were ripping them off his chest. "Oh Christ," Skip screamed in agony.

"Beautiful, eh baby?" Jubal snarled. "Keep 'em on long enough and it

Continued to page 59

BLOWN OFF COURSE

By Mario Mangiacazzo • Illustration by Domino

A gust of wind blew the sky diver off course, and when I reached him in the woods he was almost like an angel who had dropped from the sky. The gust of wind was mild compared to the blowing he got from me.

Although I've made it with many good men since I came bounding out of the closet more than ten years ago, I'll always remember my first guy with special fondness because he literally came to me from out of the skies. You could say he was an angel of mercy, although there was nothing angelic about him and he showed little mercy to certain of my bodily orifices. But he came along at a time when I sure as hell needed someone to minister to my needs.

I was a bored and screamingly horny eighteen-year-old living with my parents in a dead-ass Connecticut town. Leavis is a tiny burg tucked away in the northwestern corner of the state, and virtually every address is RFD. A few shops, the post office, and the police and fire headquarters constitute "downtown." The big attractions in Leavis are the 18th-century church overlooking the town square, the two-room museum of pre-Revolutionary War children's dolls, and the rolling expanses of farmland that provide soothing scenery for rattled urbanites out on a Sunday drive. And there is the county fair. Every year for two consecutive September weekends Leavis comes alive for the fair. Area folks exhibit their prize pigs and produce. Craftspeople demonstrate their skills and sell their wares. Fiddlers and shit-kickin' bands play for square dancing. It is a big deal, all right; even the *New York Times* wrote it up once, inspiring city folk to hop in their cars and head for Leavis to get their dose of "Yankee quaint," as I like to call it. I would observe these people sometimes, amused by the quiet men in their white shoes, polo shirts, and crisply creased pants. The men were usually accompanied by tense, anxious women who pointed bony fingers at gnarled, bumpy squash or handmade pottery and demanded in their brittle voices to know the prices.

The 1973 fair had all this, and more. We local yokels and our guests were to be treated that year to a performance by the High Divers, a team of parachute artists who performed mid-air stunts before opening their chutes. While sailing through the air at lofty altitudes they would join hands in a circle, or link arms to form a pyramid. This new attraction was one of the main topics of conversation among Leavisites during the week before the fair. Wasn't this the wildest thing, people asked each other. Won't it be dangerous? Might it not give the local kids crazy ideas? This was 1973, mind you! Attitudes like these caused the brighter Leavis youths to refer to their town as "the land that time forgot."

Several days before the fair I heard that the High Divers were going to rehearse their show in the skies over the McWhitter property, more than 1,000 verdant acres that I could reach by car in ten minutes. My mother let me borrow her old Ford and I set out to watch this unaccustomed spectacle of men tumbling through the heavens in acrobatic formations. When I arrived at the site, there were a few dozen other spectators. I parked the car alongside the road and walked up to a hilly spot, my binoculars in hand. It was a clear day, the blue sky almost cloudless. Suddenly the quiet was broken by the roar of a plane overhead. The sparse crowd, including me, began to applaud the appearance of the conveyance that would momentarily disgorge the skydivers. I aimed my binoculars at the plane and as I focused I saw the hatch open. Six men leaped out in quick succession; we spectators cheered. The divers drifted apart briefly, and I worried that they might not connect to perform their stunts. But connect they did. Six pairs of hands came together and the men's airborne bodies formed a floating flower. Then they dissolved that formation and reassembled as a pyramid. They next regrouped as a chorus line, and they kicked their legs like the Rockettes! Some of the spectators started

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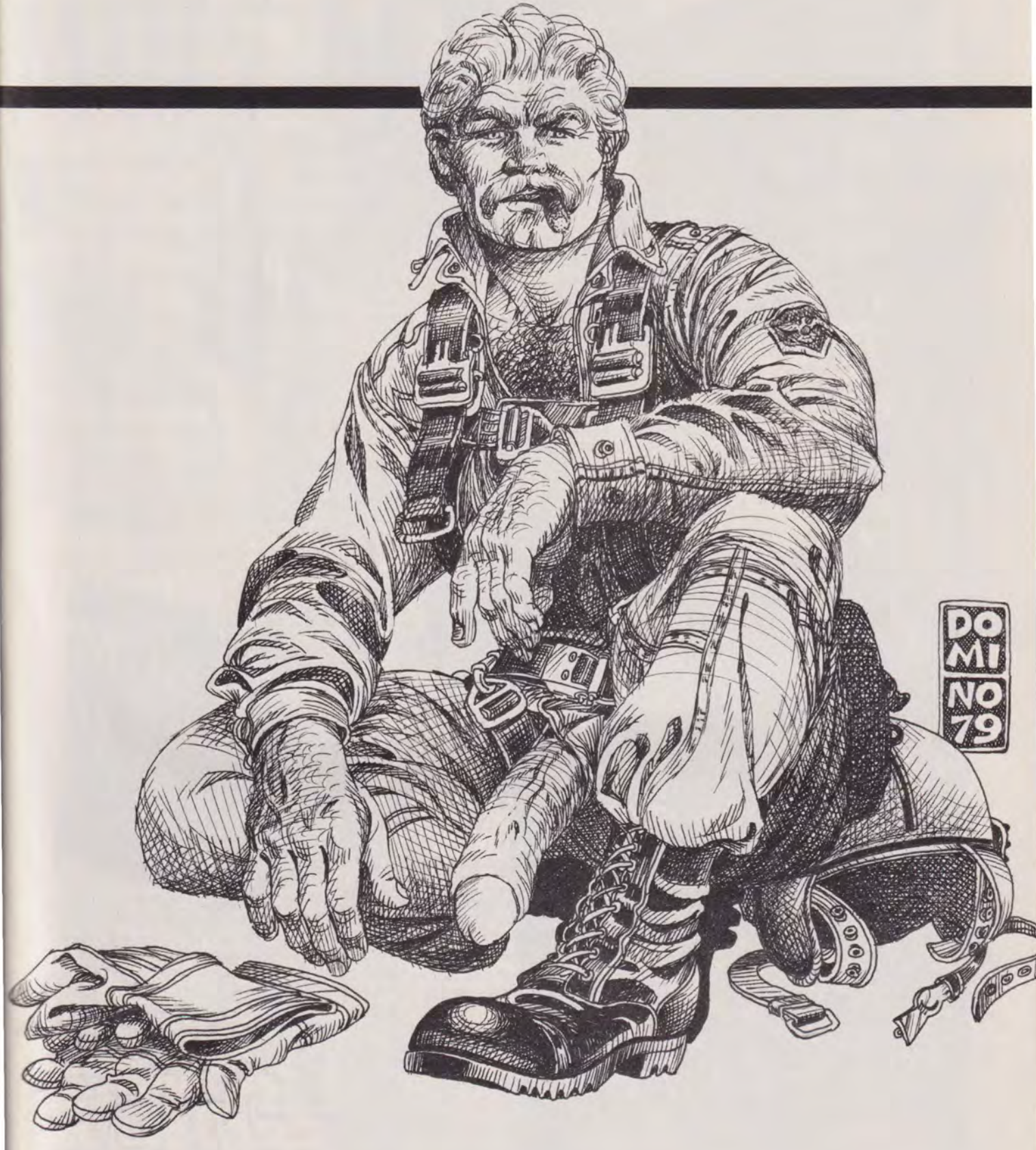
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BLOWN OFF COURSE

Continued from page 30

hooting and laughing derisively, but not me. I got a hard-on! For some reason, my cock sprang to life when the skydivers went into their high-kicking routine. I got flustered, not only because my reaction surprised me but also because I feared someone might notice my prong trying to push its way out of my jeans. But what could I do? I couldn't very well reach down and adjust myself, not with men, women, and children standing close by.

But while I was puzzling over the cause of my big boner and what to do with it, I missed some of the sky action. The guys had opened their chutes and were slowly heading earthward. Five of them descended close together. But then a strong gust of wind whisked through the crowd of people watching the divers. The gust also carried one diver off from his fellows. We on the hill gasped as we watched him helplessly drift eastward while the other guys dropped straight down. I watched the bright red parachute sail over and beyond a pine forest, dragging what must have been a scared-shitless skydiver with it. When I could no longer see the chute in my binoculars, I turned and ran to my car. Driving in what I thought was the direction the errant parachute had taken, I was bristling with excitement. I was off on a rescue mission! Or so I told myself. As I drove, my right hand found its way to my crotch, and I rubbed my aching hard-on for nearly the entire fifteen-minute drive to the pine forest. I knew that damn forest as well as the veins on my dick, and I was certain that if the wandering skydiver had ended up in there, I would find him.

I parked along the edge of the woods and paused for a minute to collect my thoughts. I reached into the glove compartment and took out the first-aid kit my mother had stashed there. "You never know when something terrible will happen to you and you'll need a band-aid," my mother had said when she bought the kit. I tucked the plastic box under my arm, bolted out of the car, and headed into the woods. It was cool in there, the towering pines having blocked out most of the sunlight. Pine cones and scattered twigs crunched and crackled under my boots as I trudged along, hollering, "Hellllllo! Anybody there? Hellllo!" The only answer I got was the chittering of unseen birds. I kept slogging through, climbing over fallen trees and unsnagging my feet from the tangled flora lining the forest floor. I cried out again, "Hellllo! Anybody there? Hellllo!" I froze in my tracks and listened to the woods. I was panting and my heart was throbbing. Just as I was pondering which direction to take next, I heard a voice cry, "I'm here! Over here!" "Where?" I screamed. A pause. "I'm stuck in a goddam tree near a waterfall! I can see a big rock with a lotta writin' on it."

"All right!" I exclaimed. I knew exactly where he was—near the rock shelf where the local kids spray-painted their names, obscene remarks, and dirty pictures. The Vietnam war was still being fought, so protest slogans and peace signs had joined the other graffiti. I ran off, hollering, "I'm comin', I'm comin', hang on!" The voice yelled back, "I'm stuck in a damn tree!" "I'm comin', I'm comin'," I called back. Soon I heard the gurgling, rushing sounds of the waterfall. I ran toward the sound, and within a couple of minutes I was there. The rock shelf loomed up in front of me. I glanced all around me, and the voice cried, "I'm over here, kid, look behind you and up." I did as the voice said and then I saw him. A big, burly figure suspended in the air by the lines of his parachute. The red parachute itself was caught in the green limbs of a towering pine. The diver was hanging no more than six or seven feet above the ground, but he was utterly helpless.

"You all right?" I asked.

"Yeah, yeah, I ain't hurt. I'm just stuck in this goddam tree. Can ya get me down?"

"Sure!" I brightly answered. I began to shinny up the thick tree trunk. I reached the point where the nylon lines of the 'chute were tangled together. "I'm gonna have to cut the lines to get you down," I told the diver. "No shit!" he barked at me. His gruffness was startling, but it also excited me. My hands were shaking like a caffeine junkie's as I dug my pocket knife out of my jeans, popped open the blade, and slashed away at the parachute cords. "Look out!" I warned him when I cut through the nylon. He suddenly dropped to the ground, landing flat on his ass. By the time I descended from the tree, he had removed his helmet and

Continued to page 60

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STUNT MAN

By Chris Vann • Photo by Arthur Tress

His name, appropriately, was Bear. His back and ass were as smooth and hairless as an Oriental's, but what a chest rug he had! The black, shiny hair started at his neck, swirled over his tits, and flowed down over the abdomen to merge with his pubic hair.

"Got a job for you," the voice on the phone said. "Not much notice, I'll admit, but the truth is another guy got sick. If you can be packed and at the airport by one-thirty this afternoon, you're in on a six-week shoot in Memphis."

Monty had broken into the movies, not in front of the camera where he originally wanted to be but behind it . . . way behind, as a grip. He was happy enough because he liked the traveling and he got to meet a lot of interesting people in the business. When he was a "between-parts" actor, he would have been glad to get any kind of work at half a grip's pay.

"What's that all about?" asked the hairy blond hanging upside down from the gravity inversion rig in Monty's Los Angeles apartment.

"Work. Money. I gotta get my shit together and be at the airport in about three hours."

"Terrific," replied the blond without any enthusiasm.

Monty walked over to where the furry mass of muscles hung upside down from the bar and admired the stud. It had taken him three weeks to invite this number up to his place for an extra morning workout. Monty thought about the carefully planned seduction he had mapped out in his mind. Now there was no time for the shower and rub-down he had planned as a prelude to reaching for those massive nuts which he had seen the blond soaping up in the gym shower. No time to rub his tongue lightly across that hard belly and bury his face in that nest of crazy-curly pubic hair before teasing the blond's heavy cock until it rose and trembled for attention.

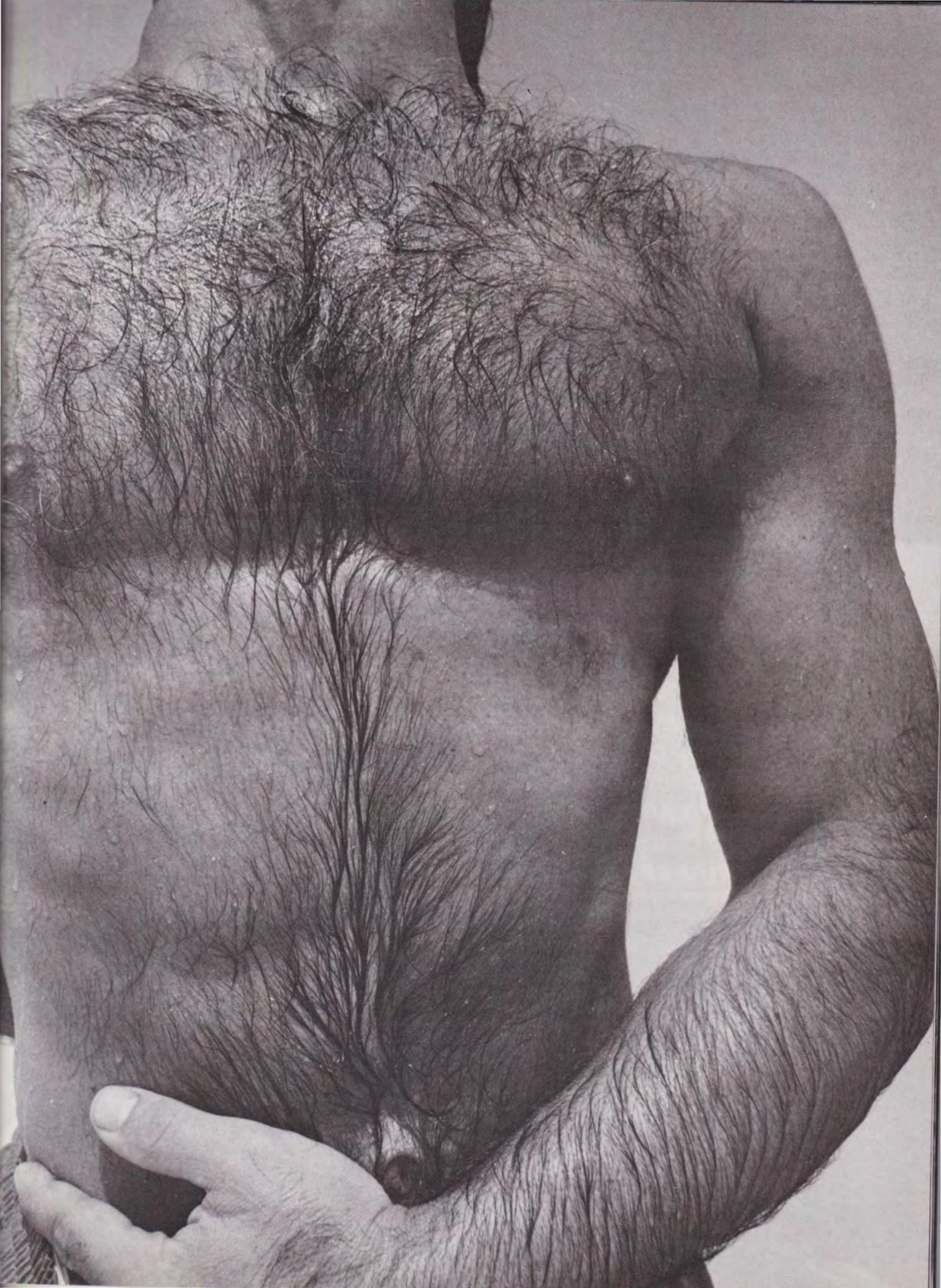
As the blond continued his hanging sit-ups, Monty said: "Yeah, terrific. I need the cash I'll make, but I need something else . . . something I'd planned on since the first time I got a look at you."

"Tell me about it."

"Frankly, I'd looked forward to the possibility of making it with you. And since you need a second workout like you need a bigger dick, I thought you were open to the idea."

"Thanks for the compliment. And you read me right. Sure you don't have time to do something about it?"

Monty reached out and slid his hand down a hairy leg toward the blond's crotch. Suddenly, a wild thought hit him. He jerked the hunk's



gym shorts up to his knees to face that beautiful pair of hairy balls he had hungered for and the thick cock he had longed to suck. He savored the nutty fragrance of the sweaty testicles and went wild as he saw the involuntary movement of the blond's nut sack. In an instant, Monty had a mouthful of nuts, a handful of meat, and a spit-slick finger jammed up the blond's asshole. As Monty's mouth moved from the wet balls to the rigid tool, the blond tore at Monty's shorts and freed a startling monument of meat; nine and a half inches of uncut rod oozing juice from under its hood.

In the showers and limp, Monty's weapon didn't look any mightier than the next guy's, but when the call to arms was sounded, a fairly ordinary-looking pea-shooter turned into a cannon.

The blond, still hanging upside down from his heels, pushed back Monty's voluptuous foreskin. He struggled to jam the entire rod into his mouth and feel his lips grind against the stud's coarse pubic hair.

It was weird and wild and wonderful: one man hung helplessly upside down, and the other stood while they clawed and pawed, licked and sucked one another into fountains of hot, sweet cum. Too weak to pull himself up and disengage his boots from the exercise rig, the blond gladly accepted Monty's assistance so that he could stumble into the shower.

While Monty tried to pack, he couldn't keep his eyes off the steamy picture framed by the glass shower door. The exhausted blond leaned forward against the cool tile wall, letting the hot water cascade across his muscled back to flow between the crack of his ass and then down the insides of his furry thighs. The scene was more than Monty could stand. He grabbed the jar of crisco he'd packed with his shaving gear and climbed into the shower. Monty spread the grease on his cock with one hand and lubed the blond's ass with the other. The blond gasped as he felt Monty's rotund cock work its way deep into his butt.

Monty threw his smooth, hard arms around the blond's hairy belly and fucked away. He felt the water beat against his face as his balls beat against the blond's ass. The whole room vibrated as the blond beat his fists against the wall in fits of pain-filled joy.

When Monty pulled his dick out of the blond's hole and sank down into the tub, the blond turned and faced him, took a strangle-hold on his own cock, and began to beat off. Monty looked up and saw the stud's nuts tighten. The ruby cockhead glowed brighter; suddenly the stud shot his second load at Monty's open mouth. The blond tried rubbing his cum over Monty's face and into his hair, but Monty grabbed the big stocky hand and sucked the remaining cum off the fingers. The pouring shower washed away the last traces of the good stuff.

* * *

"Man, I didn't think you'd make it," said the film crew's best boy.

"Well, I did," said Monty, and he thought, "as a matter of fact, twice."

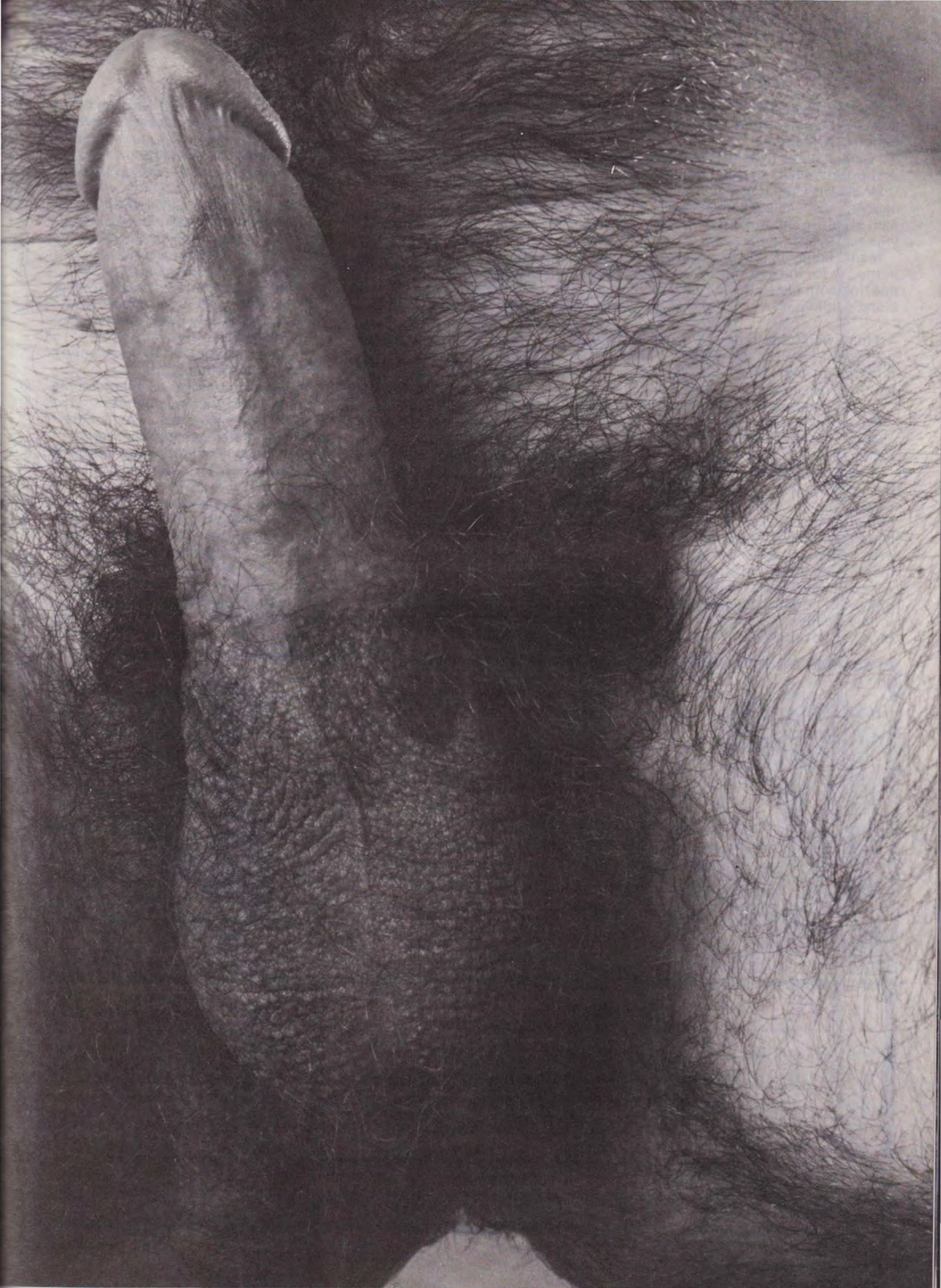
Monty wound up sitting on the plane beside Nicky, a film loader he had worked with before. Nicky was about 27 and good-looking in a rough-and tumble way. The last time they crewed together, Monty had made a rare misjudgment and made a play for Nicky. The loader had laughed it off and damn near apologized for being straight. Then he steered Monty toward two bit players who were supposed to be into threesomes. He was right, and Monty had been grateful for the tip.

"Ever been to Memphis before, Nicky?"

"Just once, to grab some cutaways of a riverboat. Flew in and out the same day."

Nicky, a straight member of the movie crew, said: "Maybe I should try it with a guy. You gay dudes seem to get an extra something out of screwing." Little did he know what a fucking Monty had just gotten from his hairy-chested stud.

Photo by Naakkve



"Damn," said Monty. "I was hoping you could tell me where my kind of action is in Memphis."

"Can't help you, Monty. But I heard that Buck Wells is working stunts. Connect with him tomorrow when the cast arrives because, I hear, Bucky's best stunts aren't falling off buildings and wrecking cars."

Monty laughed, thanked Nicky, and settled in for the nap he needed after packing both his suitcase and the blond's tight ass.

* * *

Monty had forgotten to throw in his razor, as well as the guide book that had steered him to the right bars in lots of other cities.

"It doesn't matter," thought Monty. "That blond number was worth whatever trouble I have finding the action in this town."

He had an idea. He thumbed through the yellow pages looking under "lounges, clubs, cocktail bars, baths," scrutinizing every possible listing that might hold a clue. He even called a couple of establishments that had promising names and asked if they were gay bars. All he got was a "Hell, no," and a hang-up for his trouble. In disgust, he pulled on his wind breaker and went in search of a drugstore.

He found one, but on an intuitive hunch, he passed it by and moved down another block to an all-night mini-mart. Inside, he not only found the razor he needed, he also saw a magazine rack with an array of erotic publications, including a couple of gay ones. He noticed another guy thumbing through a photography magazine before taking a couple of magazines from the gay section and heading for the check-out counter.

He's not my type, thought Monty, but he'll surely be able to point me in the right direction.

Monty dropped two bucks on the counter, and followed the guy out of the store. "Got a minute?" asked Monty as the fellow opened his car door.

When the man turned and faced him, Monty saw something unlike anything he had ever seen before. Three shirt buttons were open; the short, trim dude's chest hair was so thick that you could not see any flesh beneath it. The chest hair was long, silky, and straight. It lay like a bearskin rug over the contours of the man's pecs. It took all of Monty's control not to rip open the garment to get a better look.

"I'm, uh, new in town and don't know how to locate the action here. Can you help me out?"

"Probably," answered the short stud as he flashed a warm, wicked smile. "Be specific."

"Well, it's just that I saw your choice of reading material and figured you could tell me how to locate the hot men in Memphis."

"You lucked up on one," the guy grinned, "and they call me Bear."

"I'll bet they do," replied Monty. "My name's Monty. Just flew in from Los Angeles."

"Looks like you're walking, Monty, so how about a ride?"

Bear lived up to the southern reputation for hospitality. He drove Monty through the area of town where most of the gay bars are clustered. He gave a run-down on the types who frequent each of the watering holes.

"Pick one, and I'll drop you off... or come by my place for a drink. No cover, no minimum. I live just two blocks from your hotel."

"Your place sounds fine." And Monty rested his hand on Bear's thigh, slid it up to the bulge in the jeans, and began kneading the stud's balls.

Once inside the apartment, Bear

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started to shuck off his clothes. "No," demanded Monty. "I'm going to do that for you."

Monty first removed Bear's work shoes and socks. Then he unbuttoned the fly of the jeans, pulled them off, and tossed them aside. He was surprised to see how little hair there was on the man's sinewy legs, and disappointed to see that the cock and balls were not enormous. For a moment, he wondered if he wanted to go through with it. After all, he'd made it twice that day, the flight had been tiring, and tomorrow was going to be a long, hard day on location.

"You'll be amazed at what I can do with that pecker," said Bear, smiling down at Monty. "Finish what you started."

A bit jarred at having had his thoughts read, Monty rose and removed the red plaid shirt to face an incredible sight. Bear's back and ass were as smooth and hairless as an Oriental's —but not his chest. The crop of black, shiny hair started at his neck, swirled around to where Monty judged the tits to be, and flowed down the chest and belly to merge with his pubic hair. Monty trembled when he ran his hands down Bear's torso and felt tits, navel, and washboard belly hidden under the dense fur.

"So, hairy little fuckers don't turn you off," smiled Bear. "Come here. Let me help you out of your gear and show you some first-rate hot times."

Bear seemed as excited by the clean, smooth flesh of Monty's body as Monty was by Bear's extraordinary coat of fur. Bear pushed Monty down on the bed. He started at Monty's feet by slowly running his tongue between the toes and teasing the soles as he traced crazy lines of dampness on them. His tongue flicked its way up the firm thighs, prodded and lapped at the fat balls, then worked slowly up the shaft of Monty's big dick. Bear gingerly pulled back the foreskin, but resisted gobbling up the beautiful head. Instead, he inhaled deeply and guided his tongue around the rim of the cockhead. Next, he bypassed the rod and moved up the smooth belly to tongue Monty's nipples. When he worked his way over to Monty's arm pits and stirred the hair with his tongue, Monty didn't know if he would be able to resist shooting his load then and there.

"Eat me, man. Eat me," Monty pleaded.

Bear said nothing. He raised Mon-

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ty's legs and started his tongue magic on Monty's ass.

"Sorry, Bear," gasped Monty, "but I just can't take it up the ass. You're going to have to settle for being sucked."

Bear's reply was a finger slowly inserted in Monty's hot hole. It searched out Monty's prostate and began an easy massage.

"That feels great, man, but that's as far as you can go. It doesn't work for me. I know."

Bear smiled and said, "Just relax. I'll be able to tell from your face when you aren't enjoying it."

A second finger worked its way up Monty's butt, and he was surprised how much he loved it. Time melted, and Monty's mind swam. He hardly realized it when the two fingers were slowly replaced with a five-inch cock which hardly moved at first but then built to a wild bucking that ended in Bear blowing a load up Monty's ass. The load had such pressure Monty felt the cum as it shot against the walls of his chute.

"Don't stop," pleaded Monty. To his surprise, Bear's dick stayed hot and hard as it continued to tease Monty's burning prostate for what had to be another quarter hour.

"I just want to sleep," Monty said, quite to his own amazement. "I've never been so satisfied. I just want to sleep."

"I'll bet you do," smiled Bear. He set the alarm clock to allow plenty of time for Monty to make his morning location call.

Monty fell into a quick, dead sleep and soon dreamed that Bear was working over his ass with his fingers and packing something inside. He thought: First you take over my ass; now you're taking over my head, you wild little fucker. I know this is a dream. . . but what a dream!

Monty dreamed on, feeling Bear's lips wrap around his dick. He felt his shaft grow and thicken as Bear sucked the head out of its sheath.

As the dream continued, Bear began to squeeze Monty's balls and coax the giant cock to let go of a load. Eventually Monty began to realize that his dream was real. He was on his side with Bear's face buried in his crotch deep-throating the full nine and a half. The shock of it all pushed Monty over the edge, and he felt a spasm in his gut as the cum pumped into Bear's mouth. Simultaneously, Monty felt something wild happen to his ass. . . something he had never experienced before, not even during the wonderful plugging Bear had given him a few hours earlier. His ass burned, it tingled, jolts of ecstasy shot through his nervous system beause Bear was teaming the climax with the slow removal of a knotted cotton cord from Monty's ass.

Monty pulled the lean little dude down on top of himself and buried his face in Bear's musky fur. "I want you to do that again and again, Bear. Oh, God, I can't believe I've done this much balling before I found someone who could show me what my ass is there for. Please don't tell me you're just a one-night stand."

Bear offered him a smile for an answer, leaned forward, and kissed Monty. Their tongues shared the load of cum Bear had saved for both of them to savor.

At crew call, Nicky told Monty that he had some great news. At the end of the six-week shoot, the studio was going to send the entire crew over to Atlanta to work on a feature being shot there. "That's your kind of town, Monty. You'll find everything you're looking for there."

"Thanks, Nicky, but I think I'll just stay on here when the shoot's over and look for some other kind of work."

"Well, well," chuckled Nicky. "Seems you won't be interested in meeting Buck Wells, the stunt man I mentioned yesterday."

"No. I've found my stunt man."

Nicky laughed and slapped Monty on the back. "I'll tell you something. Sometimes I think I ought to try it with a guy. You gay dudes seem to get an extra something out of screwing."

"Why don't you check out that stuntman's action? Maybe he can teach you a few of his tricks."

"Hmmm," was all Nicky replied as he turned to watch Buck hussle his balls while checking out the roll bar on his crash car. ■

TOP JOCKS

Continued from page 12

Bank in Chicago. They can transfer some of my funds into an account for you." Then he sounded a warning. "God help you if I get back and find that you haven't done exactly what I told you. I'll paddle that behind of yours black and blue."

"What about your wife?" I protested loudly.

He stopped dialing and gave me an astonished look. "Alice? What about her?"

"Look, Jack, you're married. Not only that, you've got two kids."

"So?" Then he realized what I was driving at. "You poor dumb bastard. That crap is for media consumption. Most of the guys here have the same arrangement: a wife and two kids. It looks good in print. My wife and I are good friends, that's all. About the kids, I love them and I take care of them." He paused for a second because he wanted to emphasize that. "I take damn good care of them!"

"But they're your kids. I. . ."

He interrupted me. "I said I take care of the kids, not my kids. I just told you. It's an arrangement." He sat next to me on the bed. Then he put his arms around me and held me close. "Just do as I say, okay?"

That afternoon while I was packing, Stan Zielinski came to my room. His face was flushed with anger. "Becker's trying to pull the same damn thing on me again." Stan was enraged. "Only this time, I'm not going to let him get away with it. The hell with my career! I'm going to kill the bastard!" The fire in his eyes scared me.

"Stan, calm down!" I tried to reason with him. As we talked, Jack returned to the room.

"What's this all about?" he asked when he saw how upset Stan was.

"It's Coach Becker," I explained. "He's after Stan for a little S & M session that he's planning for this afternoon."

"Is that right?" Now I saw anger in Jack's eyes, too. "Still up to his old tricks, is he? I've got a surprise for him!" He went to a cabinet at the other side of the room and pulled a leather strap of some sort from one of the drawers. I didn't know what it was. I had never seen anything like it before.

"I bought this in Hong Kong last year." He smiled as he showed it to us. "I knew it would come in handy some day." It was a strap that fitted around the waist, and there were additional thongs that went between the legs. In front was a tight black pouch, like a cod piece, with a small slit. In the back was a belt with a hole for inserting a small padlock.

"It's a cock strap, or at least that's what they called it in Hong Kong. Some people would call it a male chastity belt. When it's worn, there is no way you can get your pecker up. The slit is just large enough so that

Continued to page 68

TIME FOR TWO

Leisure time in the sun. A meeting of two men.

Section photographed by Kristen Bjorn

TIME FOR TWO

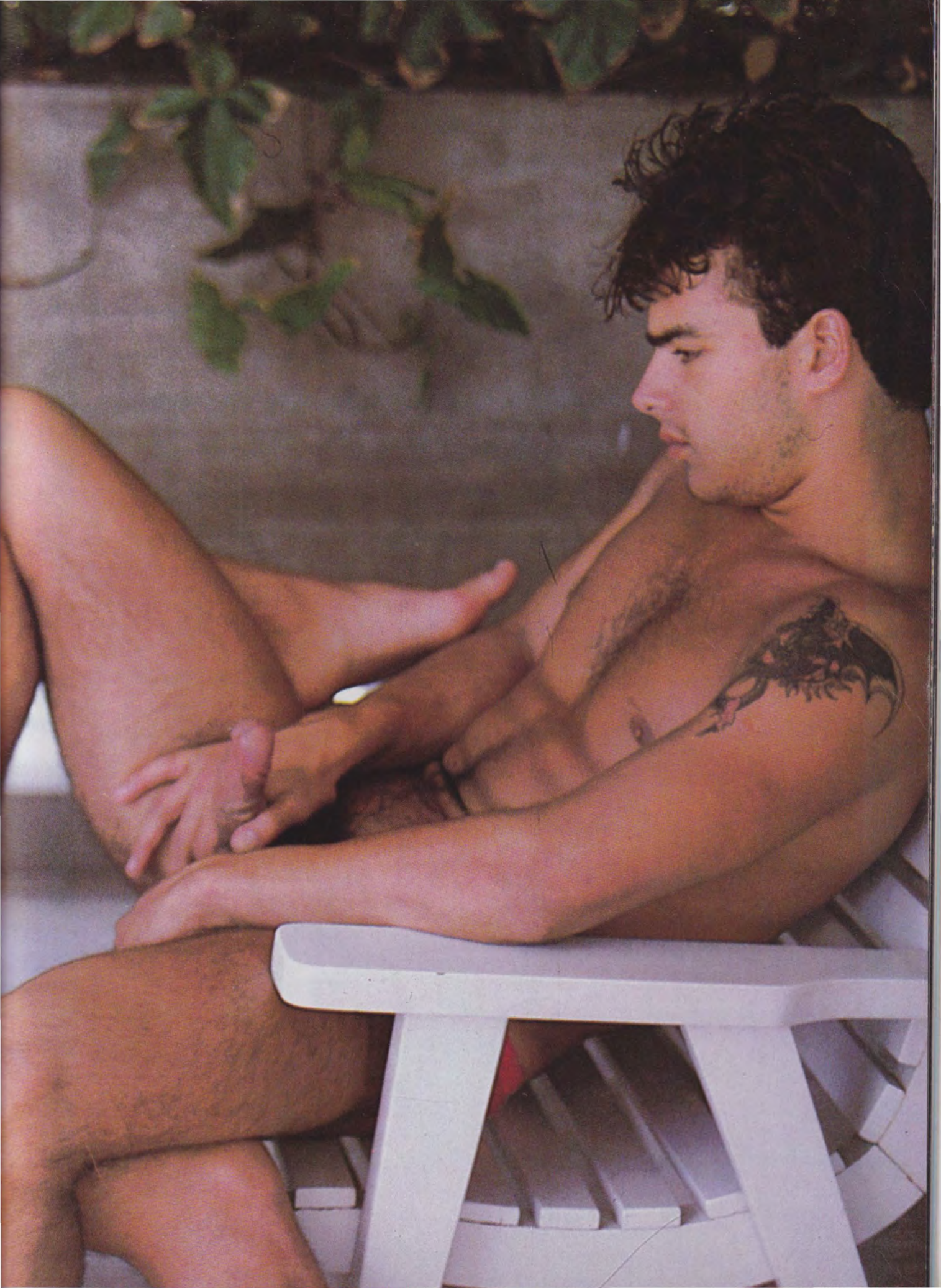
Touching, exploring, expanding . . . experiencing each other.

Comparing lengths,
contrasting strengths . . .

TIME FOR TWO
Feeling each other. Enjoying to the fullest...
the highest bliss.

TIME FOR TWO

The time. The place. A paradise for two.



Leaning against the bar, the stud eased down the zipper of his jacket, allowing the right half to fall open and reveal a muscular, naked torso. No shirt, no sweater, nothing. Just muscle and skin.

MASTER BLASTER

by Greg Nero•photo by Stadpark H.H. Design

Fear. From his first glance at the leather-clad stranger in the deserted alley Don could feel the icy fingers of fear grasping his chest and clawing at the muscles of his legs. His instincts were telling him to stop, to turn back.

Yes, Don could sense that. He could think of a dozen logical reasons for steering clear of the man. But he was past the point of logic and reason. Sheer, unbridled desire had engulfed his senses and replaced the powers of his mind with an unflinching magnetic attraction.

Maybe the magnet was the man's face. Dark-skinned, with strong, rugged features bordering on the animalistic, it was cool and tough.

Or maybe the magnet was the man's body. He was short and stocky and built like a Mack truck. Don had a weakness for muscle, and with one glance he knew he had struck paydirt. The bulkiness of the man's jacket couldn't conceal the width of his shoulders, the depth of his chest or the massiveness of his arms. He was loaded with muscle!

He was no lightweight in the meat department, either. His thick slab of semi-hard cock was clearly visible down the left leg of his Levis. In the tight V of his crotch, his balls were bunched big and round and full. Was he for real? Don couldn't wait to get his hands on him and find out.

But it was the man's eyes, his unwavering black eyes, that sent the heaviest shockwaves surging through Don. It was his eyes that made him look so menacing, made him look capable of doing anything. They reached down into Don's gut and put a clawhold on every fantasy he had ever had, shaking him to the core.

Then it happened. A few feet from the stranger, reason—or was it fear? caught up with Don. In one of those split-second decisions which he knew he would regret later, Don forced himself to keep on walking and not look back. It was after midnight, it was cold, he needed a drink, the stud looked like more than he could handle . . . he had all the old excuses lined up.

"A chickenshit," he mumbled, pulling his jacket tighter against the harsh, cutting wind. "That's what I am. A chickenshit."

By the time he pressed up against the dark mahogany bar, Don was certain he had made the biggest mistake of his life. He should have stopped. He should have tried. The fullness of his cock and the knot in his gut told him he had been a coward.

Cliff, the bartender, set down a beer and gave Don's shoulder a playful punch. "Hey, man, cheer up! Why so glum? It can't be that bad."

"It is."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

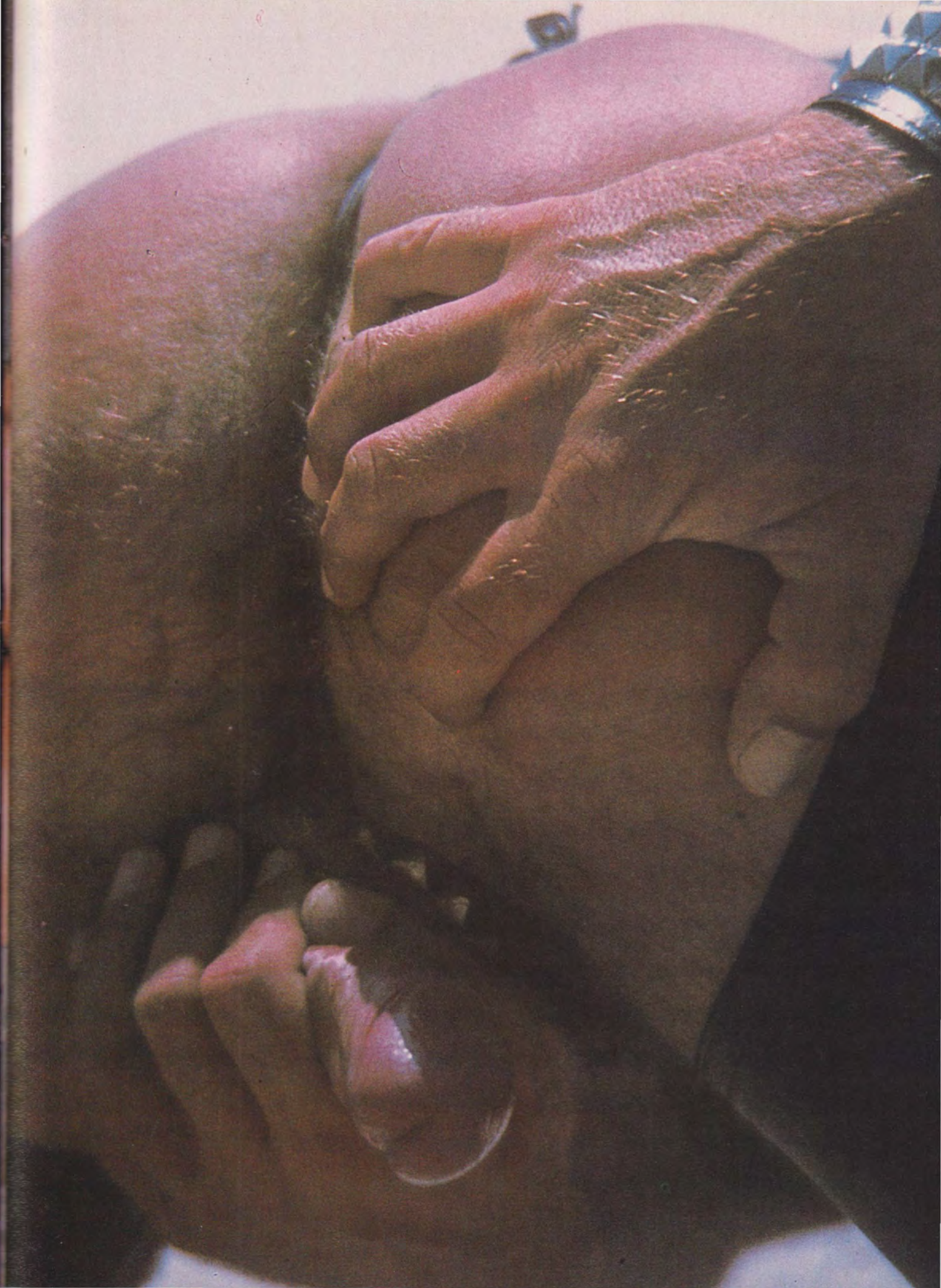
"Come on, spill. Something's on your mind."

"It's just . . . Hell, Cliff, I passed a guy on the street just now, one mean-looking customer. I wanted him and he wanted me, but dammit, I chickened out. You should have seen him, Cliff, he was one hell of a stud. The kind of stud that comes along once in a lifetime. Once in a fucking lifetime. And I didn't stop. I didn't stop! Of all the stupid things I've ever done, that was—"

Don's voice died in the back of his throat. The stud from the alley outside had just walked up to the bar, not more than three feet away. He was looking right at Don.

Cliff had also caught sight of the stud. "I, uh, think I'll go find me something to do at, uh, the other end of the bar, Don. If you need me—"

Continued to page 57



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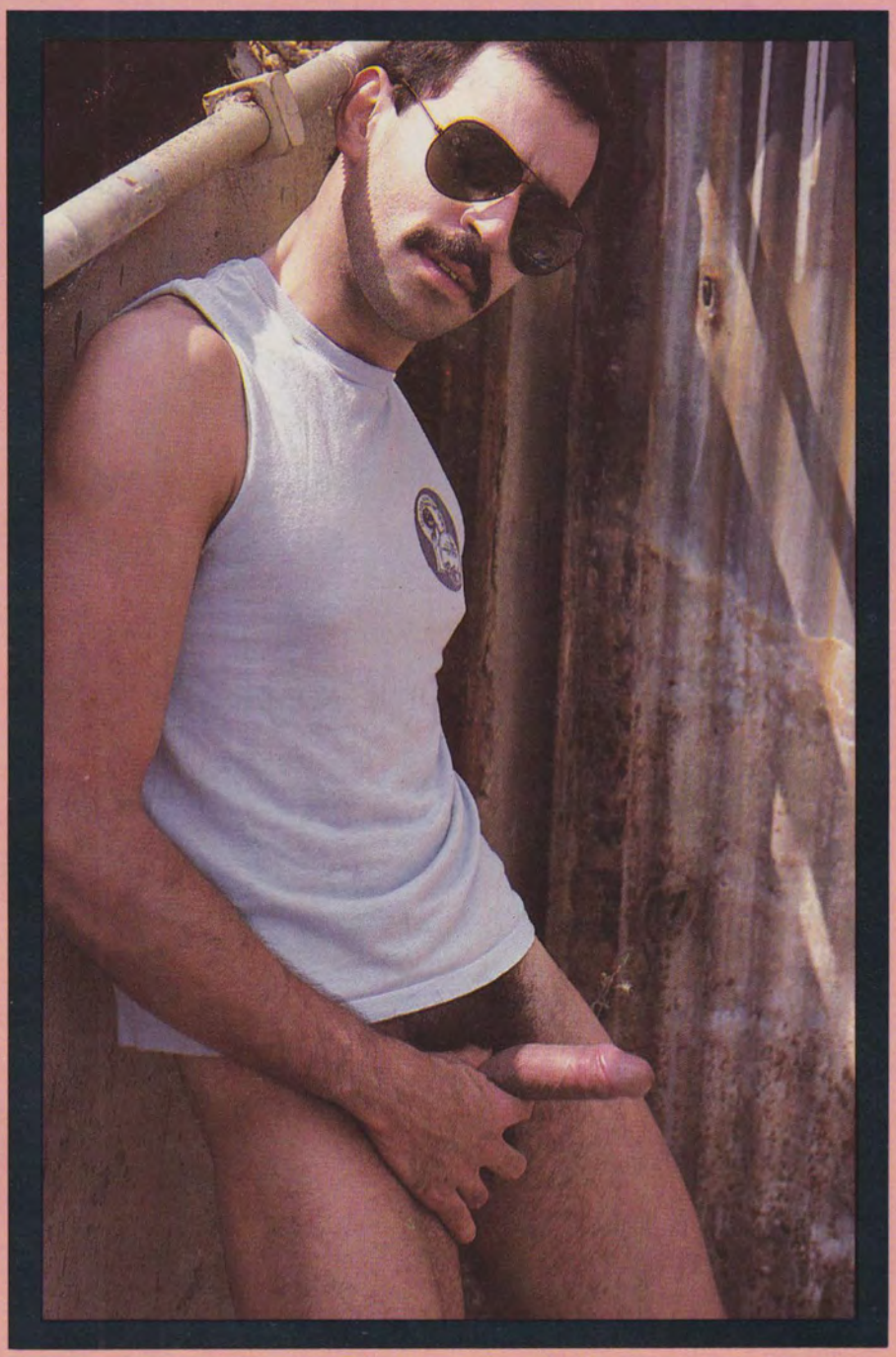


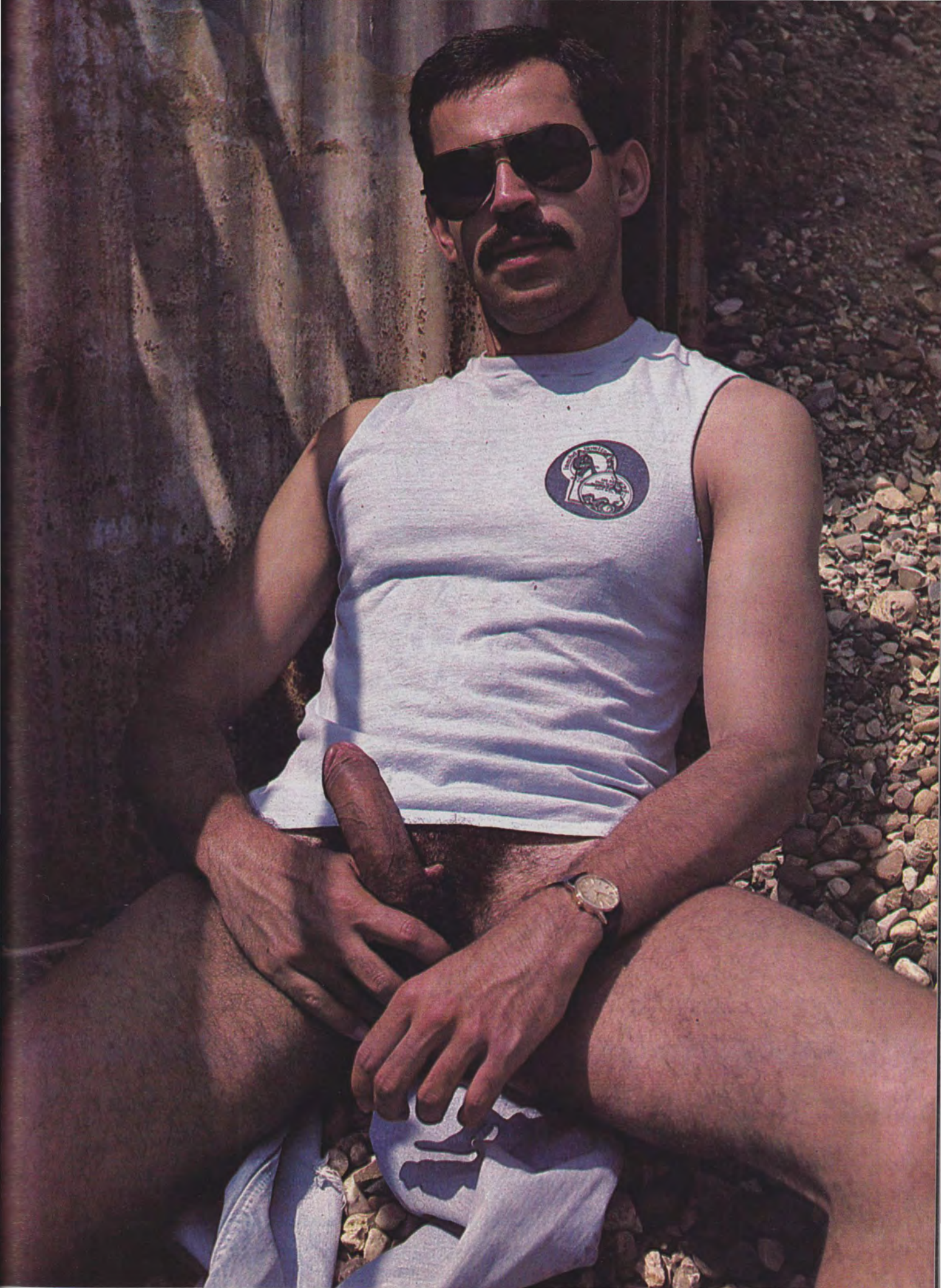
JAY HAS A PASTIME THAT HE ENJOYS EVEN MORE THAN BOWLING. HE LIKES TO FIND A QUIET, SECLUDED SPOT, PULL HIS PANTS DOWN AND ENTERTAIN. HIMSELF.

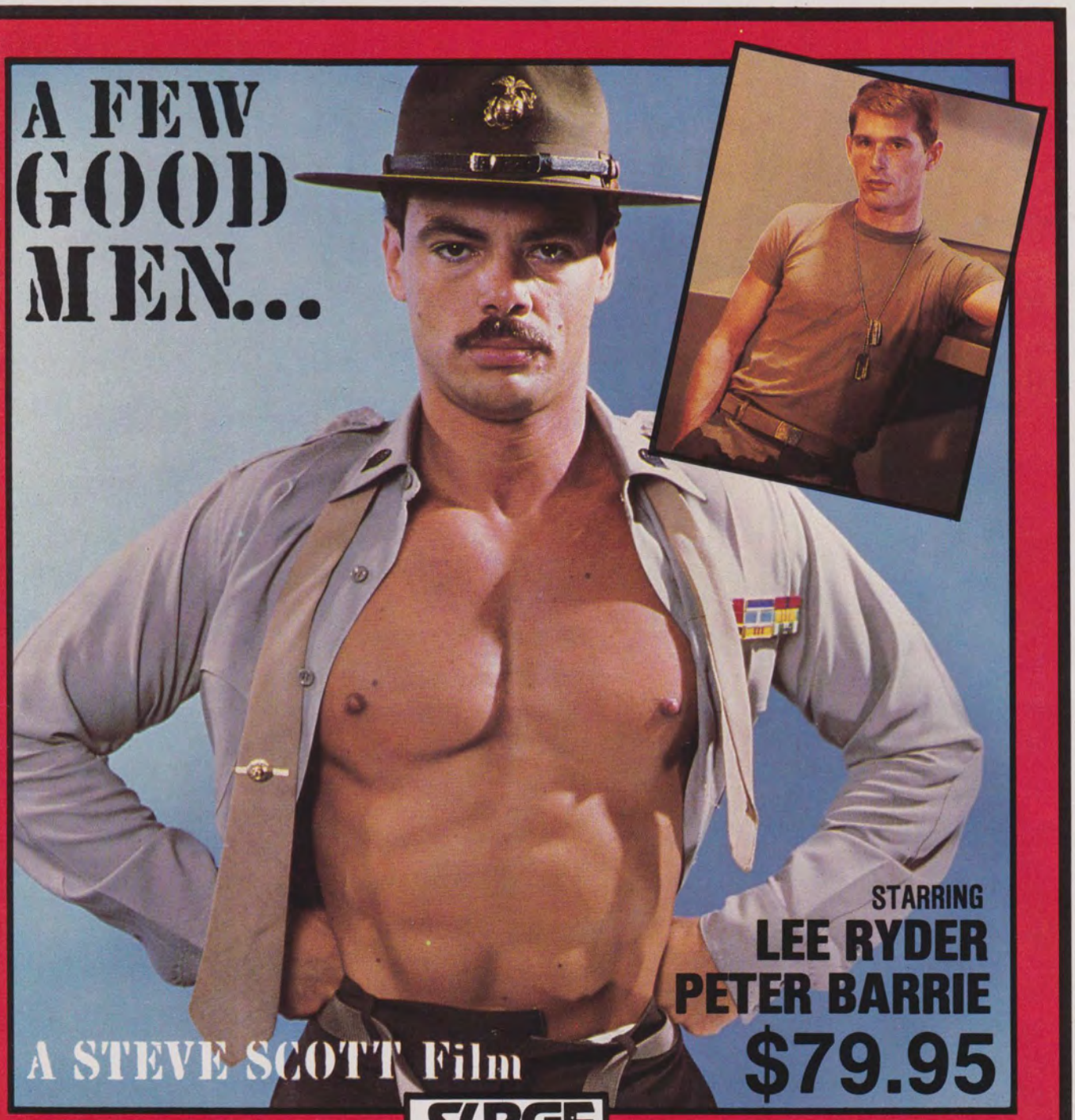
PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB YOUNG

J/O

WITH FINE, FURRY BALLS LIKE THESE TO HEFT AROUND, JAY SOON FORGETS ALL ABOUT THE BIG, HEAVY KIND WITH HOLES IN THEM. THE PLEASANT HOURS FLY WHEN HE'S BUSY SLIDING THAT SKIN BACK AND FORTH OVER HIS HARD JOYSTICK. HE IS WORKING UP A BIG LOAD RIGHT NOW. WANNA HELP?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB YOUNG





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MASTER BLASTER

Continued from page 50

"He don't need you for nothin'," came the deep-throated growl. "Beat it."

Cliff shot a worried look and left.

If a quick glance in a dark alley had set Don's stomach churning, a long perusal in the light was now giving him the shakes. The stud wasn't as short as he had first appeared. Maybe 5'10" or 5'11". And, now that Don had the time to study him, his stockiness appeared more the fault of his clothes than the actual height of his body. In fact, it crossed Don's mind that maybe the stud deliberately wore bulky, baggy clothes so as not to draw attention to himself.

Still leaning against the bar, the stud eased down the zipper of his jacket, allowing the right half to fall open and reveal a muscular, naked torso. No shirt, no sweater, nothing. Just muscle and skin.

"Oh, shit," moaned Don. He tried licking his parched lips but his mouth had gone dry.

"You say something?"

Don cleared his throat. "Fuck, but you are one hell of a hunk."

The stud walked up and ran a big, tough hand along the side of Don's face. Then, without asking, he unzipped Don's jacket, undid all the buttons on his shirt, and pulled it wide open.

Don didn't move, didn't even blink. He couldn't; he was petrified. Nor did he move when the stud slowly ran his fingers over Don's hairless, tightly muscled chest. There was no way Don could compete with the stud in the muscle department, but at least his belly was hard and flat and his pecs sharp and defined. That had to count for something

"Your name's Don? Ain't that what the bartender called you? Well, Don, you're not bad. Not bad at all."

Don swallowed hard. "Thanks."

The stud started playing with Don's nipples. Their size and shape seemed to please him and he nodded in approval. "Yeah, you're all right. In fact, you're damn fine. My name's Nick. Come on."

Without waiting for an answer, totally confident in his power over Don, Nick started off towards the men's room at the back of the bar.

They didn't get to the can. On the way, in the darkened hallway leading to the men's room, Nick discovered an open storeroom door and pulled Don inside. "This'll do even better."

"What are you going to do?"

"Anything I fucking want." To reinforce the point, Nick grabbed his crotch and outlined the thick slab of his meat.

"Strip," he commanded.

Don did as he was told, knowing this was not the time for any kind of back-chat. Once naked, and his cock dripping pre-cum, Don waited in nervous anticipation. His cool was totally blown when Nick removed his jacket to reveal thick, broad shoulders, hard pecs, washboard abs, and melon-sized biceps.

Don couldn't stand the tension any longer. He stepped forward and hesitantly placed his fingertips on the rolling curves of Nick's chest. Encountering no resistance and emboldened by his own mounting desire, Don threw caution to the wind, grabbed a pec in each hand, and began roughly massaging Nick's chest. He dug his fingertips into the hard flesh as best he could. He twisted Nick's hardened nipples. Like the stud himself, they were big, hard, unyielding, the obvious result of years of heavy-duty titwork. As Don pinched the quarter-sized paps as hard as he could, a smile came to Nick's lips.

"Yeah, twist those tits, baby. Work 'em. Work 'em good."

Don worked them, all right. For a good five minutes he worked them, occasionally giving his fingers a break by returning to the rippling mounds of hard pec-muscle. Totally fearless now, Don slid his hands over the rounded peaks of Nick's shoulders, momentarily molding the bulging biceps before sliding down the corded forearms and over the stud's roughened hands to the buckle on Nick's worn denim pants.

Unexpectedly, Nick took Don's wrists and pulled his hands away from his buckle. "You're all right, baby. Yeah, you're all right."

Nick dropped Don's wrists and took a step back. Off came his black leather cycle boots. His hands went for his buckle. Then, as though unleashing a wild animal, Nick pulled out his cock and balls.

Don's mouth dropped open in astonishment. Nick was huge, absolutely huge! His cock was long, thick, cut, perfectly proportioned, lightly veined, and throbbing an angry red. His balls—big bull-balls, filled with thick creamy milk—hung low and dangled heavy, just waiting for the moment when their hot load would fill a squirming, bucking ass.

Nick stepped out of his jeans and stroked his monster cock. "Okay, let's see what you can do with this. Let's see if you're worthy of it."

Don fell to his knees, grabbed Nick's asscheeks for support, and popped the bulbous cockhead in his hungry mouth. He wrapped his tongue around the human piston and gave it the best lube job he could.

As his mouth worked on the cockhead, his hands massaged those beautiful, muscular asscheeks. He squeezed his fingers into them, feeling the rounded hardness resisting his grip.

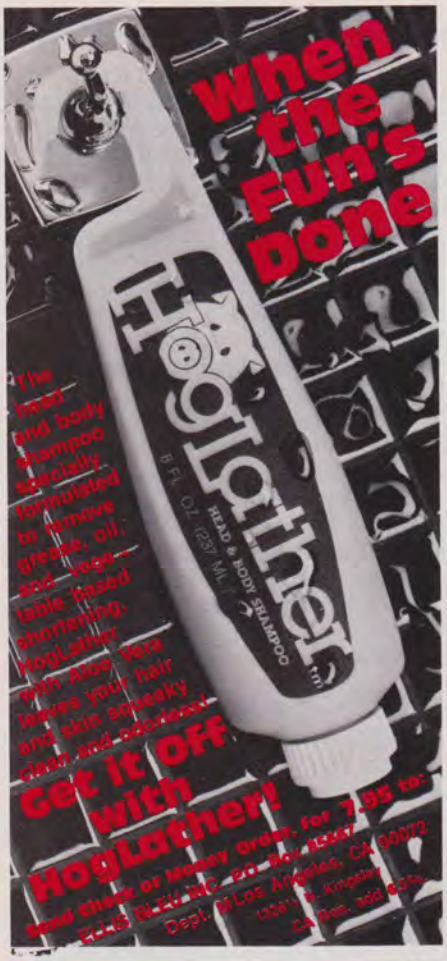
"Not bad," moaned Nick. "Now, take it. Take all of my cock. I want my dick down your throat. I want your tongue slobbering over it, I want you choking on my big, fucking manmeat. Eat it. Eat my hot fucking cock like you're a starving man!"

Don opened wide. Like a boa constrictor swallowing its prey, he slid down over Nick's cock until he wrapped his lips around the base of it. Pressing his tongue against the pulsing meat, he tightened the muscles in his throat until he had the shaft in a vice-like deathgrip.

Nick buckled at the knees and had to put his hands on Don's shoulders to steady himself. "Oh, yeahhhhh!"

With his tongue doing figure-eights and his mouth sliding over the shaft, Don buried his nose in Nick's thick patch of crotch hair and pulled in a

An explosion went off in his nuts. It sent cum spurting from his sizzling cock in a glistening milky path across his stomach. He had never come so hard in his life!



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nose-tingling whiff of pungent manodor. The smell was like amyl. A bomb went off in Don's head and sent him attacking Nick's hot, steaming cock with a heightened frenzy of passion.

"Oh, yeah! Oh, Yeahhhhhh!"

But just when Don thought he had Nick primed and ready to explode a shower of cum, Nick pulled away. Don begged Nick to let him have his cock again. He wasn't finished; he wanted more. He needed more.

Nick turned Don around and bent him over a beer keg.

"What are you. . . Ohhh, shit!"

Don struggled, trying to break free of Nick's hold, but Nick was too strong for him. "I like getting fucked, but your meat will tear me to shreds."

"It will if you don't relax."

Again Don struggled. Again Nick held him. Don collapsed on the floor. Nick grabbed him, rolled him over onto his back, pulled his legs over him. Now he was trapped.

Don watched, helpless, as Nick spat into his hand and lubed his cock. Another gob of spit in Don's asshole.

Nick's face loomed inches above Don's. "Hey, relax. Relax, will ya? This fuck is inevitable. I've waited for this fuck from the first time our eyes met. And I don't usually wait for anything. So, just relax and enjoy it."

Then it happened. After a long, concerted shove, in went the cockhead. Just as painful as Don feared it would be.

"I can't take it! I can't take it!"

"Sure you can. Relax!"

"I can't!"

"Relax, dammit!" The command came with a sharp thrust of about two inches.

It was all Don could do to keep from crying out in pain and fright. But that would have brought everyone in the bar running in, so he didn't do it. He gritted his teeth and tried to relax. He wished he had a popper. He needed something. Anything. In desperation, as a way of channelling pain away from himself, Don reached up and grabbed Nick's hardened nipples. Misery loves company, he figured, so Nick would get as much as he gave. The tits would be the perfect target. He twisted savagely.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" gasped Nick.

Some misery! The harder Don twisted, the deeper Nick ground his cock. Still, it felt good to be holding onto something.

"Don't fight it, Don. Don't fight it."

"I'm — telling — you — you're — too — big!"

"Relax, enjoy it."

"I'm — fucking — trying. Ahhhh!"

"Good boy. Now, try THIS!" Nick arched his spine, threw his head back and thrust.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" Don's eyes shot wide open from the shock. His ass was on fire; it was burning! It hurt so much that his mind exploded and in seconds his body was over the pain threshold, leaving the bonds of ordinary, everyday vanilla sex behind and racing to new, higher planes of passion. He had reached the promised land! And Nick had sent him. Nick the stud; his stud!

He let go of Nick's tits, grasped him about the waist and pulled the hunk into him. "Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"So you like it now?"

"Yes! Oh, God, yes!"

"You really want it now, huh?"

"Yes! Fuck me! Please, please fuck me!"

Nick looked down on Don and smiled. He ground his hips a couple of times and laughed. "Yup, I'm beginning to like you a lot."

Nick gave a whoop, pulled out a bit, then rammed his cock in right to the nuts. "You got it, Don, you got it!" Then Nick gave a couple of long, full-length strokes, followed by short, sharp strokes in and out of Don's slick, accommodating hole.

Although Don tried to prevent it, an explosion went off in his nuts. It sent cum spurting from his sizzling cock in a glistening milky path across his stomach. He had never come so hard before in his life. It hurt in that painful, excruciating way that comes only at the end of a mind-numbing fuck session. The kind of hurt that only comes along once in a long, long time.

"AHHH!" Nick froze for a second, a mixed look of surprise and delight etched across his face. Suddenly, like an animal in heat, he started pounding his meat double-time into Don's aching ass. With his eyes shut tight, his teeth clenched, every muscle in his body standing out in bold relief, Nick was an awesome sexual animal throughout his long orgasm.

Finally, spent and panting like a bellows, Nick relaxed. He slowly pulled his cum-greased rod out of a whimpering, shaking Don. Then, taking a moment to catch his breath, he began tugging on his jeans and his boots and slipping on his jacket.

"Where are you going?" asked

Don.

"Home." Then, to forestall Don's next question, he added, "Alone."

Don sagged. "Oh." He gave Nick one long, lingering gaze before turning away.

"Good-bye, Nick."

"Yeah. See ya around."

Don heard the door open and close, heard Nick's heavy footsteps disappear down the hall. Then silence, except for his own breathing and the muffled sounds coming from the bar.

Seconds later, Cliff rushed in and found Don still sprawled on the floor. "Are you all right? What happened? What did he do? God, he looked like a mean sonofabitch. Here, I'll help you home. Was he really hung as big as he looked? Try to get a grip on yourself, Don. Maybe I should take you to a doctor. Were you scared? All I can say is he'd better not show his face around here again. Are you going to tell me what happened?"

Don staggered to his feet, wearily looked Cliff in the eye and snarled, "Would you shut the fuck up."

"Oh. Sorry, Don. I guess all you really want right now is some peace and quiet, huh?"

"All I want is to go home and soak in a nice, hot tub."

"And forget, huh? I'll bet you want to forget."

Don thought a moment about Nick's smouldering eyes, his hard, muscular body, his big mandick, the sexy way he filled a pair of Levis, his swagger, his attitude. Then he shook his head. "No, I don't want to forget. I want to go home, soak in a tub of hot water, and remember every little detail about him and what he did because I'll probably never see him again."

"Wrong."

Don turned in the direction of the voice. It was impossible for him to conceal his surprise. "Nick!"

"I don't know what it is about you I like, Don, but I'll be damned if I'm going to let you get away before I find out. Come on, you can soak in my tub."

Cliff grabbed Don by the arm. "You're going? Are you crazy? Don't be stupid, who knows what'll happen."

Don pulled away and stood next to Nick, who placed a big, protective hand on his shoulder. Turning back, he smiled and said, "Look at him, Cliff. I'd be crazy not to go with him. And, like you said, who knows what'll happen."

"You're sure?"

"Positive."

Nick squeezed Don's shoulder and pulled him close. "Are you through yakking?"

Don nodded.

"Good, because that hot tub sounds mighty inviting. So, get dressed and let's get going."

"Okay."

"Oh, and Cliff?"

"What?"

"Don't worry about Don. He'll be all right. I only look like a mean sonofabitch. I'll take care of him, real good care. I promise." ■

THE BEST LITTLE LIGHTHOUSE

Continued from page 29

sucks the blood out!" Abruptly he ripped off the glass jars. Then Skip felt Jubal's teeth on his naked tits, frantically sucking the engorged plums, biting the swollen fruit till blood flecked his lips. He was like some crazy vampire. "Oh please," Skip shrieked. "I beg you, Master. Please stop!"

"Shut up, prick," Jubal growled. He took two sharp clothes pins and snapped them on Skip's tits. His hot mouth engulfed Skip's cock as he twisted the nipple clamps, his finger boring into the dark odoriferous cave beneath Skip's throbbing balls, ramming in and out with savage fury.

"Oh no," Skip begged, clenching his asscheeks together. The horny finger brutally ripped into his tight hole; then he felt the chair tip back, and his ass was open and gaping as he struggled helplessly. The fingers came again, ramming lubricant into him. As he felt the rope round his ankles jerk tight, his ass lifted higher and higher, his cheeks ripped open, and the steely cock began to probe. "No," Skip screamed. "It's too big!"

"Shut up, bastard," Jubal roared. He shoved a small brown bottle under Skip's nose and Skip jerked away. The big meaty hand slammed again. "Sniff!" Jubal commanded.

Oh Jesus, the guy would kill him if he didn't cooperate. Skip inhaled long and deep and then his head and heart exploded. "What is that stuff?" Skip screamed, and his legs jerked wide open. His asshole gaped, begging for the monster cock nosing his golden, curling asshairs. His guts were ripped open; then it was in him, that huge curving pole of throbbing

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meat driving into him as he shrieked and begged for mercy, the massive cock buggering and sodomizing his asshole.

Even as it fucked into him, he knew he wanted it; he heard his own voice shrieking, "Fuck me, you dirty stinkin' scum-bag! Pump me full of cum!" God, what was happening to him? "Piss in me," Skip yelled. "Piss me full!"

And then it came! The spurting gush of hot cum surged deep into his guts as that huge dick with its savage cockring ripped his tender ass-lips and plugged him full. Jubal rammed the bottle under Skip's nose again, then suddenly ripped his cock from the torn asshole, changed his position, and squatted over Skip's chest, his juicy black hole just inches from Skip's mouth as he bent forward and gripped Skip's cock in his teeth. Skip stared at the bucking asshole in front of him; the slash between the two mounds was filled with wet curling black hairs. Jubal reached back and pulled his cheeks open. Skip could see the purple hole begging to be sucked. Then whatever was in the bottle slammed Skip again. "Oh, your ass!" Skip cried, amazed at himself. "Your hairy ass!"

Jubal backed onto him, ramming the slash into Skip's face. Skip frantically tongued the man-slit. "Shit," Skip bellowed. "I'm coming!"

He felt it roaring up his spunk-tube. He grabbed Jubal's cock and pulled it back into his face. "Piss on me, bastard," Skip screamed. "Piss in my face." And when the hot spurt of piss jetted in his mouth, his cock erupted down Jubal's throat, jetting and spurting as he hosed his own cheeks and lips with the acid heat of Jubal's golden piss.

Skip fell back exhausted. Now the freak would kill him; slice off his balls and leave him bare! Then he felt his bonds being untied. "Would you really have cut off my balls?" Skip said.

Jubal sucked the hairy eggs into his mouth. "You'd be no use to me then, baby."

Skip frowned. "What do you mean?"

"You! Stay here with me. Write your book on crazy Moses Magee and I'll illustrate it for you. Jesus, man, it'll be a best seller!"

Skip stared up at the paintings, at that huge erect cock like a lighthouse, and the tortured agony of the dark eyes. "Maybe I will," he murmured. He lay back in the armchair. "Lick my feet, cocksucker!"

Jubal's fierce eyes flashed wide. "Go fuck yourself, asshole!"

"Lick 'em!" Skip commanded, and shoved his feet in Jubal's face. For a second the black eyes blazed, then slowly Jubal leaned forward and began to lick Skip's feet. Skip looked down at the magnificent muscular body, the incredible horn-cock still up and throbbing. "Kneel," Skip ordered, and Jubal knelt, head hanging. Skip stood over him, aimed his cock, and pissed hot yellow fire over the hanging head.

"Open your mouth," Skip snapped. When Jubal did, Skip pissed into the gaping hole and yellow foam splashed onto Jubal's lips. Skip pissed in his hair and on his shoulders, hosing his face until piss-rivers ran down his swinging balls. Skip picked up the rope and slashed the big stud across the mouth. "Hands behind your back, cunt-lips!"

Jubal gasped, his eyes dilating as he stared up at the muscular young god towering over him. "Oh yes, please," he whispered. His cock, already rigid, slapped up stiffer on his rock-hard guts. "Please, be gentle with me," Jubal whispered, trembling with a vast excitement. He closed his eyes. "Please —"

Skip thrashed him again, the rope slashing cruelly into Jubal's flesh. "Please. . . Master!" Skip snarled. ■

BLOWN OFF COURSE

Continued from page 33

gloves and was rubbing his legs as if to work out a kink. I stood over him and asked, "You okay? I thought..." The words died in my mouth when he looked up at me with luminous blue-gray eyes. He ran one hand through waves of dirty-blond hair. He had a thick moustache of the same color as his hair, and the ends curved around the corners of his full-lipped mouth like bushy crescent moons. The collar of his heavy khaki shirt was unbuttoned, revealing a thick mat of brown chest hair. When I could no longer bear his intense, intimidating gaze, my eyes fell to his crotch. The thick, rounded mass I saw there startled me as much as his penetrating stare.

"Somethin' wrong, kid?" he asked, in his gruff, almost gravelly voice. I forced myself to look him in the eye. His expression was sly and knowing.

"N-no," I stammered. "Nothin' wrong with me. Are *you* okay?"

"Yeah, guess so," he replied. "A little shook up, but pretty damn fine, considering I could've ended up with a busted neck or worse."

"Yeah," I lamely answered. I couldn't take that probing stare of his, so I looked down. At his crotch.

"I wanna thank you for savin' my ass," he drawled. "Good thing you showed up. God knows how long I coulda been swingin' from that tree."

"Oh, somebody would've rescued you. Your buddies'll probably be here soon."

"But they ain't yet, are they?" he said. The insinuating undertone was unmistakeable. I was as easy to read as a Dick and Jane primer.

"No. I wonder what's taking them so long."

"Who knows?" he shrugged. A pause. Then: "Hey, help me up, willya? I'm sore as hell!" He extended one huge, furry paw and I gripped it. Its strength and heat flooded into me like current, but instead of energizing me, it made me feel weak and drained. I lost my balance and fell on top of him.

"Whoaa!" he laughed, giving out a deep, rumbly sound from his chest. His arms gripped my shoulders and my face was no more than an inch or two from his. Those blue-grey eyes bore into me, and this time I couldn't look away. With our gazes locked together, he eliminated the distance between our faces and pressed his lips to mine. He kissed me tentatively at first. However, when I didn't recoil but instead slumped into his arms, he kissed harder. His hands left my shoulders and roamed down my back. His big palms cupped my ass and squeezed the cheeks. Suddenly I was shaking and shivering as if someone had stripped me naked and stranded me on an iceberg.

"Hey, what's wrong?" he asked, genuine concern warming his rough voice. And me. I smiled at him and replied, "N-nothing much. Just a little scared, I guess."

He looked me hard in the eye. "How old're you, kid?"

"Eighteen."

"You ain't no little lamb then, are ya?" he teased.

I laughed. "Naw. Guess not."

"You like this?" he asked. His hand rubbed the front of my jeans. My dick was bone-stiff.

"Mmm-mmm." His meaty and calloused mitt moved in circles around my distended crotch. I thrust my hips forward, grinding my groin into his heavy hand.

"I guess you do!" he laughed. Then he pulled my zipper down and jammed his whole hand inside my pants. Big fingers parted the fly opening of my underwear and coiled around the shaft of my upright cock. I shuddered like guys sometimes do when they start a piss.

"Oh man, you're ready," he hissed. He unbuckled my belt, undid the catch on my jeans, and then yanked my pants and underwear down to the tops of my thighs. "Nice piece 'a meat," he whistled admiringly. My adolescent cock was an estimable slab of shlong, eight-and-a quarter inches long and six inches around, according to my measurements.

"Bet you get a lotta mileage outta this thing, huh?" he breathed. I didn't want to tell him that the only work it ever got was the hand jobs I gave it. My hetero experience went no further than heavy petting with a few girls from the regional high school I attended, and as far as guys were concerned, all I'd done was jerk off with Ricky Perreira, a big-dicked Portugese kid from New Britain, when we were thirteen-year-olds sharing a tent at boy scout camp. I was a virgin, and I was more than a little freaked out to be getting my first experience from a big, rough skydiver who could probably break me in half like a wishbone. But of course I didn't let him know this; instead I came on like I'd been around the block a few times.

"Yeah," I said, imitating his sexy drawl. "I use it a lot. And right now it needs some attention."

The skydiver's eyes glittered. He slipped one hand between my legs and clamped it on my ass, pulling me closer to him. My dick was now in his face. He opened wide and took it in his mouth. When he started sucking, I got dizzy and grabbed his thick shoulders for support. As he blew me, I fingered the thick straps of his overalls, toying with the heavy metal buckles that were used to secure the parachute pack. His big, blond head bobbed up and down on my meat, the ends of his moustache scraping gently against the shaft. He tugged my ballsack with his free hand, while the one on my ass forced my cheeks apart. I gripped his shoulders hard, practically digging my nails into the muscled flesh, as his finger pressed against my asshole. I gritted my teeth when the tip made it inside, but once he'd gotten the entire finger up my hole, I relaxed. It felt great! Soon he was finger-fucking me in time to his sucking, and I threw my head back and let loose with an open-mouthed moan. That inspired him to suck harder, and before I could warn him I began to shake with cum-spasms and shot my teenage load in his mouth. I guess no warning was necessary, though, because he gulped down every drop of my boy-load. When I finished I slumped forward, my hands on his shoulders and my wilting dick in his face.

"God, you're a hot little stud," he whispered after a few moment's silence.

"And you're a super-hot *big* one," I blurted. "Let me do you now." Five minutes ago I was a virgin, but after popping my nuts in this guy's mouth I was talking like a man of experience. A broad smile softened his craggy features and he squeezed the sensitive head of my dick.

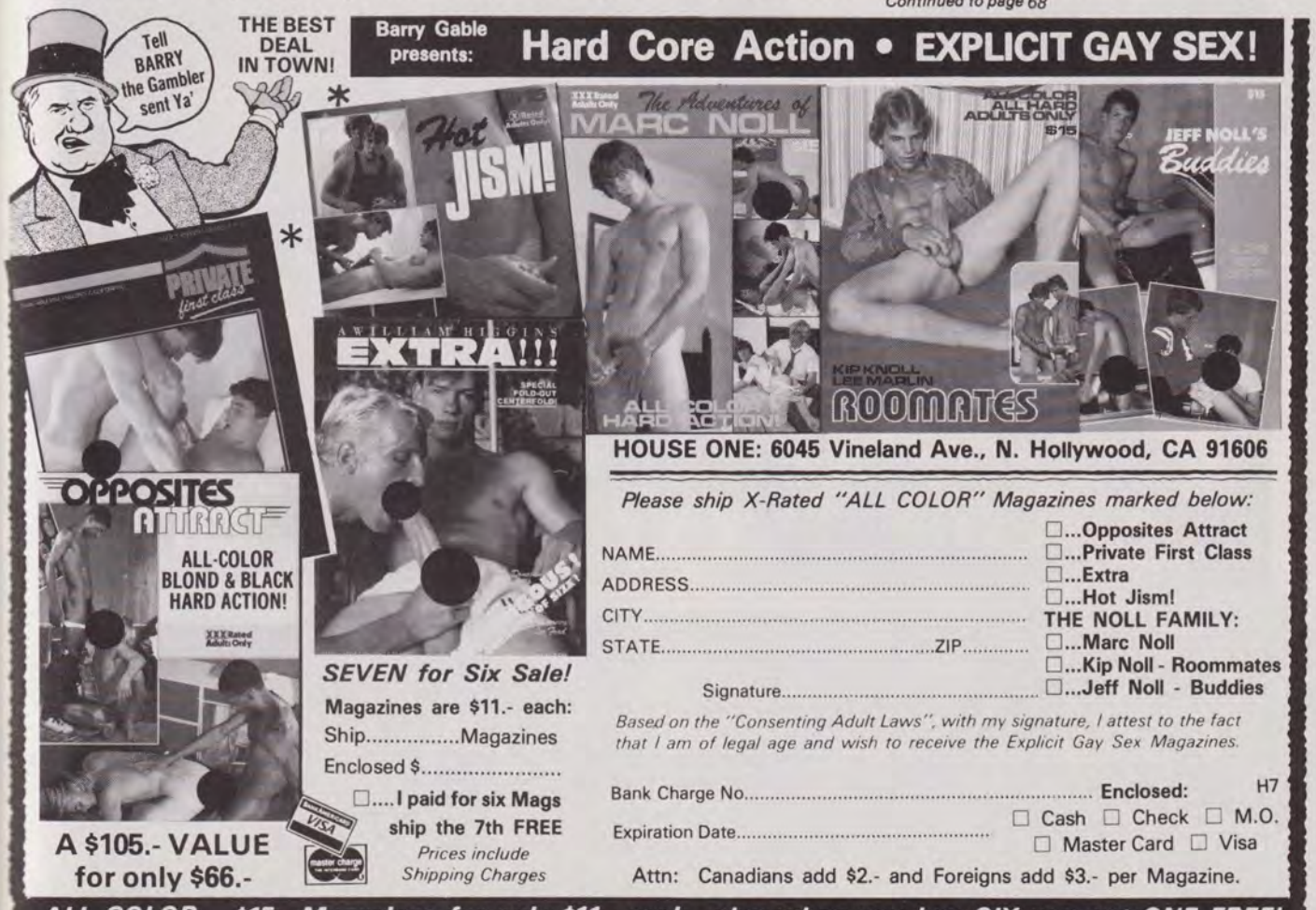
"Go to it, pal," he said.

I dropped to my knees and began kneading the massive lump in his overalls. He breathed heavily and sighed, exhaling big gusts of warm air in my face.

"Take it out, kid. You really got me goin', now."

I grabbed at the snaps along the fly of his overalls and popped them open. I gasped when a crimson log of

Continued to page 68



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BUDDY SYSTEM

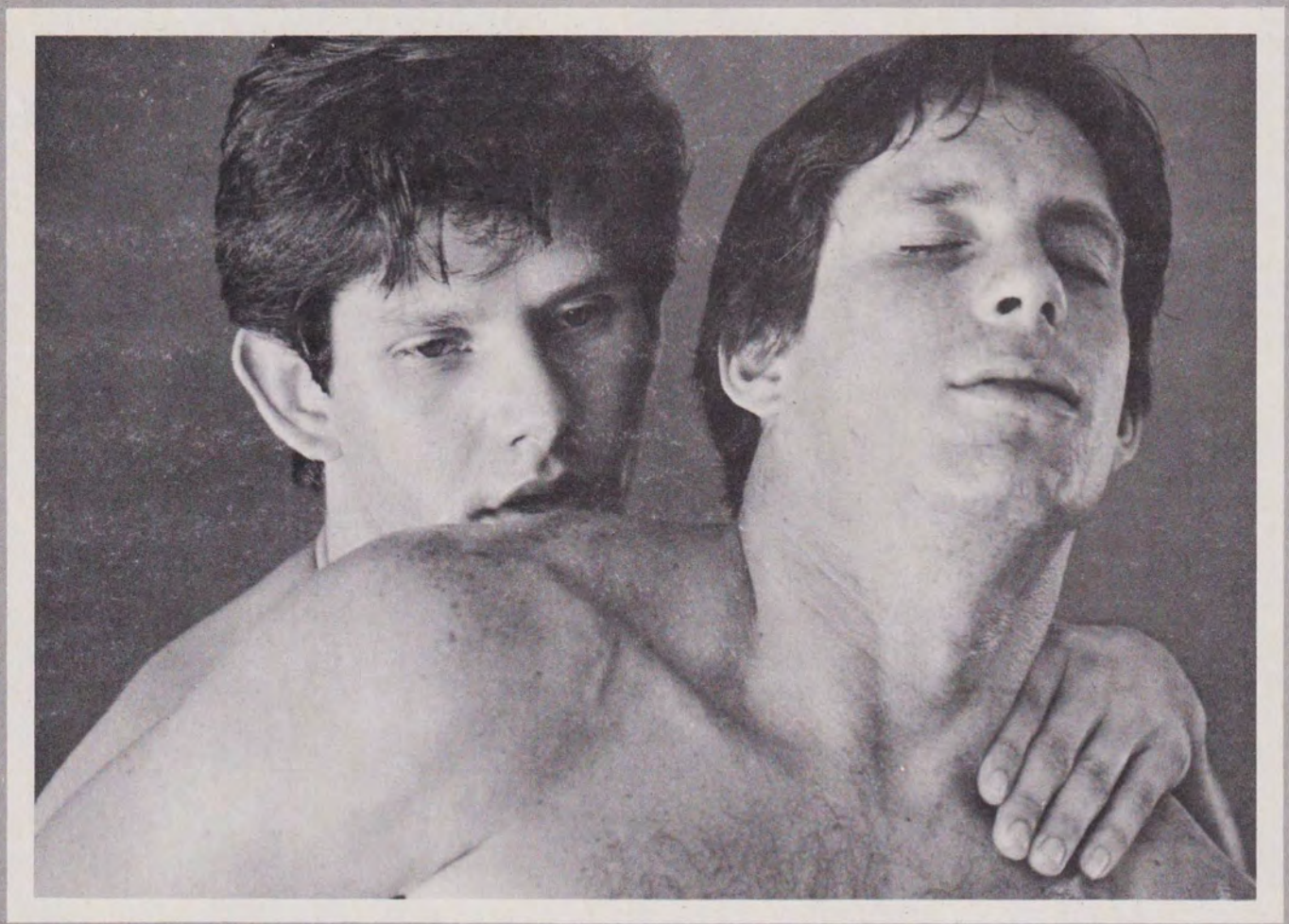
After a rough day spent riding the California surf, you'd think these guys would be too exhausted to ride each other. That's hardly the case. Maybe it's health food or an abundance of "positive energies," but whatever the reason, they've got enough stamina to demonstrate their three-pronged approach to dry-land fun and games.

Section photographed by Zak Drummer.
Photos from the forthcoming magazine, "Wave Riders."

BUDDY SYSTEM

Once these guys get going, the excitement of surfing seems pretty tame. After all, who wouldn't prefer to lie on top of a hot body than on a wooden board? Hungry mouths suck on fingers and tits as well as a few other things. And with three horny guys, there's enough stuff for everybody.

BUDDY SYSTEM



In a hot three-way like this, the possibilities are limited only by the imaginations of the studs involved. The more mature-looking guy isn't averse to being taken from behind by the innocent-looking (but depraved) youth. He also gets off on feeding his meat to his fucker while the third guy watches. Isn't this a hell of a buddy system?

BLOWN OFF COURSE

Continued from page 61

flesh shot out of the opening. The throbbing monster made my sizeable cock look like a pea-shooter. A blue vein traversed the entire length of his meat, from root to the underside of the fat head. Seeing the look of mingled awe and consternation on my face, he said, "Yeah, it's a big mutha, ain't it? Too fuckin' big, maybe!"

"It's beautiful!" I gushed. I told him to lean back against the trunk of the tree that still held the remnants of his parachute in its limbs. I grabbed his cock with two hands and stuffed it into my mouth. I gagged, and backed off it.

"Take it slow and easy, kid," he told me. "Don't try to take it all at once."

I heeded his advice and slowly fed myself his pulsing meat. It had a strong, gamey odor about it, sort of like the venison my father would sometimes bring home after one of his hunting trips with his buddies. The odor rose, tickled my nostrils, and seemed to seep into my brain. I slid my tongue along the underside of the cock, thinking I was doing something wildly exotic. He quickly shattered that illusion. "Hey, that tickles!" he cried out, raising his ass up from the ground. Chagrined, I quit the tongue-action. I took a deep breath and inhaled as much of his cock as I could. Then I started sucking just like he'd done. That turned him on all right. He praised me, saying stuff like, "Oh man, that's it, you got it, oh kid, you're drivin' me wild!" As I sucked on his big piece, I reached inside his overalls and hauled out his nuts. I tugged on them, as he'd done to mine, and that seemed to make him delirious. More praise for my talents—I was sure I'd fooled him into believing I was a practiced dick-licker.

"Yeah, that's it, that's it, ohhhh, ohhh, you're gonna make me come, man, you're gonna bring me off. Yeah, yeah, I can feel my sap risin', get ready!"

I looked up and saw that he'd undone the thick, buckled straps on his overalls. The bib had fallen to his waist, and he had unbuttoned his shirt. One hand roamed across his hairy, heaving chest, tugging on the pink-tipped nipples that were nearly hidden by the wild pelt. I pulled at the bib of his overalls, hoping I could yank down the entire front of his diving suit and expose his whole bearish body. But the suit was secured at his waist by a thick, webbed belt, and I couldn't figure out how to undo the heavy metal clasp. So I gave up on trying to strip him and continued sucking his cock while he pulled and pinched his tits. Then he began to thrust his hips, battering my gullet with his monster meat. Although my eyes were watering and the corners of my mouth seemed on the verge of ripping, I sucked away until I heard him grunt loudly. Then my mouth was awash with juice, thick salty-spicy stuff. I gulped it down, but not before I'd had a chance to savor its pungency. His dick pulsed a few more times after the last of his cum had shot into my mouth, then it lay still between my lips. Like a dog chomping on a bone, I didn't want to give up this succulent prize, but he tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Hey kid, c'mon, I think I hear somebody comin.' "

I bolted up immediately, the drooping salami I'd just sucked slapping me in the face. He took his treasure in his hands and stuffed it back into his pants. I became aware of a loud, keening sound which I realized was probably an ambulance siren. I scrambled to my feet, as did the skydiver. He hurriedly buttoned his shirt and secured the overall straps. Voices suddenly rang out through the forest: "Jerry! Jerry!" I looked at the skydiver and grinned. "Hiya, Jerry," I said. "My name's Chris." Jerry smiled back and extended one large paw towards my face. He stroked my cheek and then dabbed at the corner of my mouth. I realized he was wiping away some stray cum.

Again the voices cried: "Jerry! Jerry! Where are ya?" Jerry threw back his shaggy head and yelled, "Here! Here! Near a waterfall! Over here!" I could hear Jerry's rescuers approaching, their footfalls becoming louder, crisper. I guess I must have looked terrified, because Jerry quickly hugged me to him and whispered, "Don't worry about nothin'!" I nodded bravely as I brushed some clinging leaves and dirt off my pants. In a minute we were surrounded by a half-dozen men, two of them carrying a stretcher. The other guys apparently were Jerry's fellow sky-divers. One of them was a stocky, red-haired man, and he still wore his diving gear, the same outfit Jerry had on.

"Jerry!" he exclaimed, rushing to his buddy. "You okay, man? Hey, what the hell are you doin' standing up? Get on that stretcher, you might be hurt bad!"

"Nah," Jerry demurred, slapping his disconcerted friend on the back. "I'm just fine, Red. Just fine." Then my man who fell to earth shot me a sly look and said, "Sometimes being blown off-course can be a real adventure." ■

"Nice piece 'a meat," he whistled admiringly. My adolescent cock was eight-and-a-quarter inches long and six inches around, and the burly man in the parachute liked what he saw.

TOP JOCKS

Continued from page 40

you can take a piss." Jack turned to Stan. "When are you supposed to meet that asshole?"

"In about fifteen minutes. Down in the training room."

"Good, we'll be there!"

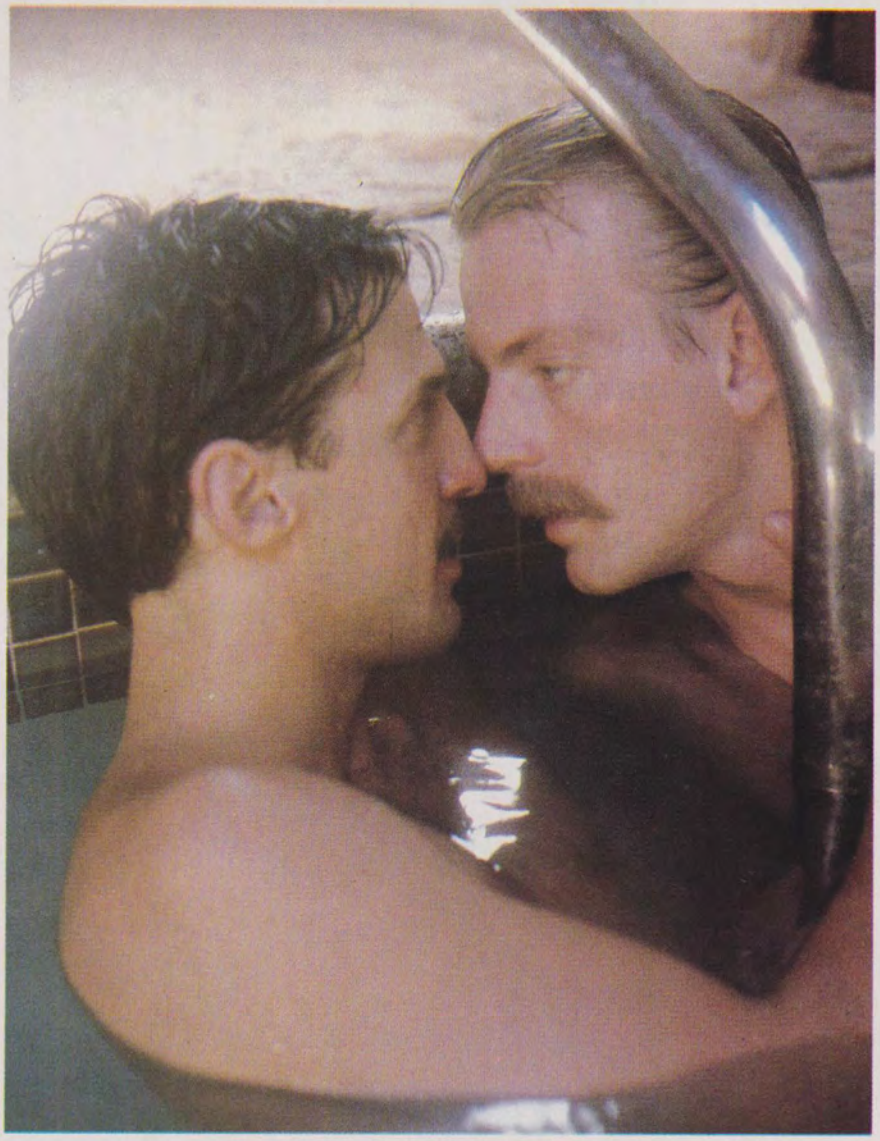
When Jack, Stan and I walked into the training room, the blood drained out of Becker's face. When his assistant saw us, I thought he was going to wet his pants.

Lumber Jack Sarther was the superstar of the Chicago Bucks. Everybody, including the head coach and even the club owner, treated him like a king. He was the man who brought the paying customers into the stadium. It was he and he alone who put the club in the black every year. Nobody crossed him and least of all Becker, who was holding on to his job by the seat of his pants.

"Get lost!" Jack barked the command to Becker's assistant. He was only too glad to disappear. Becker was beginning to tremble. He saw

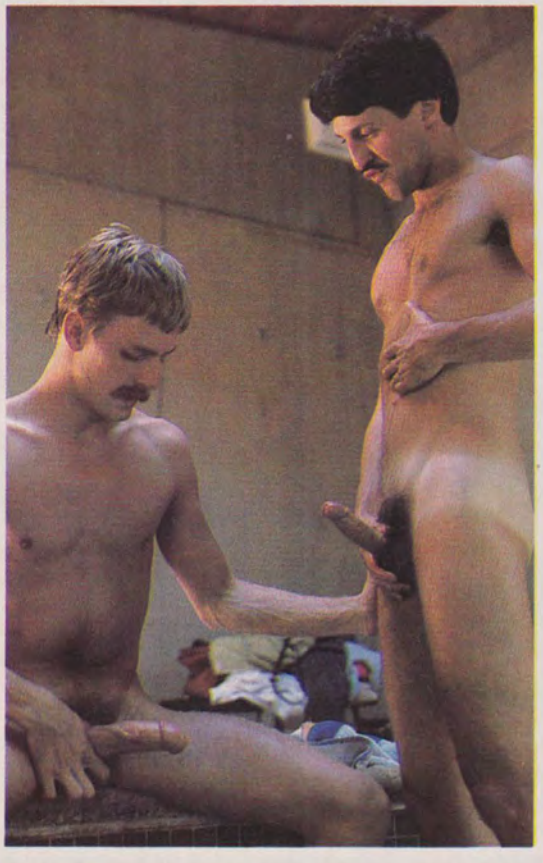
Continued to page 78

IN HOT WATER



One is dark and Latin, the other blond and Anglo. Both are trim, tanned, healthy young colts. When they get together for a swim late one afternoon, the water temperature rises several degrees.

Photography by Pantheon



IN HOT WATER

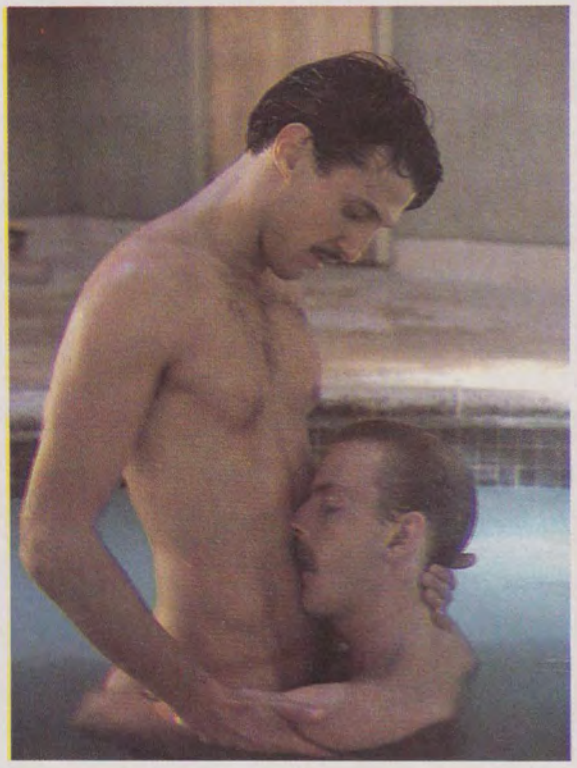
The sex-current crackles between these men on dry land, too. Suddenly swimsuits are just too confining. When they're peeled off, the studs are aching to get down for some hard action.

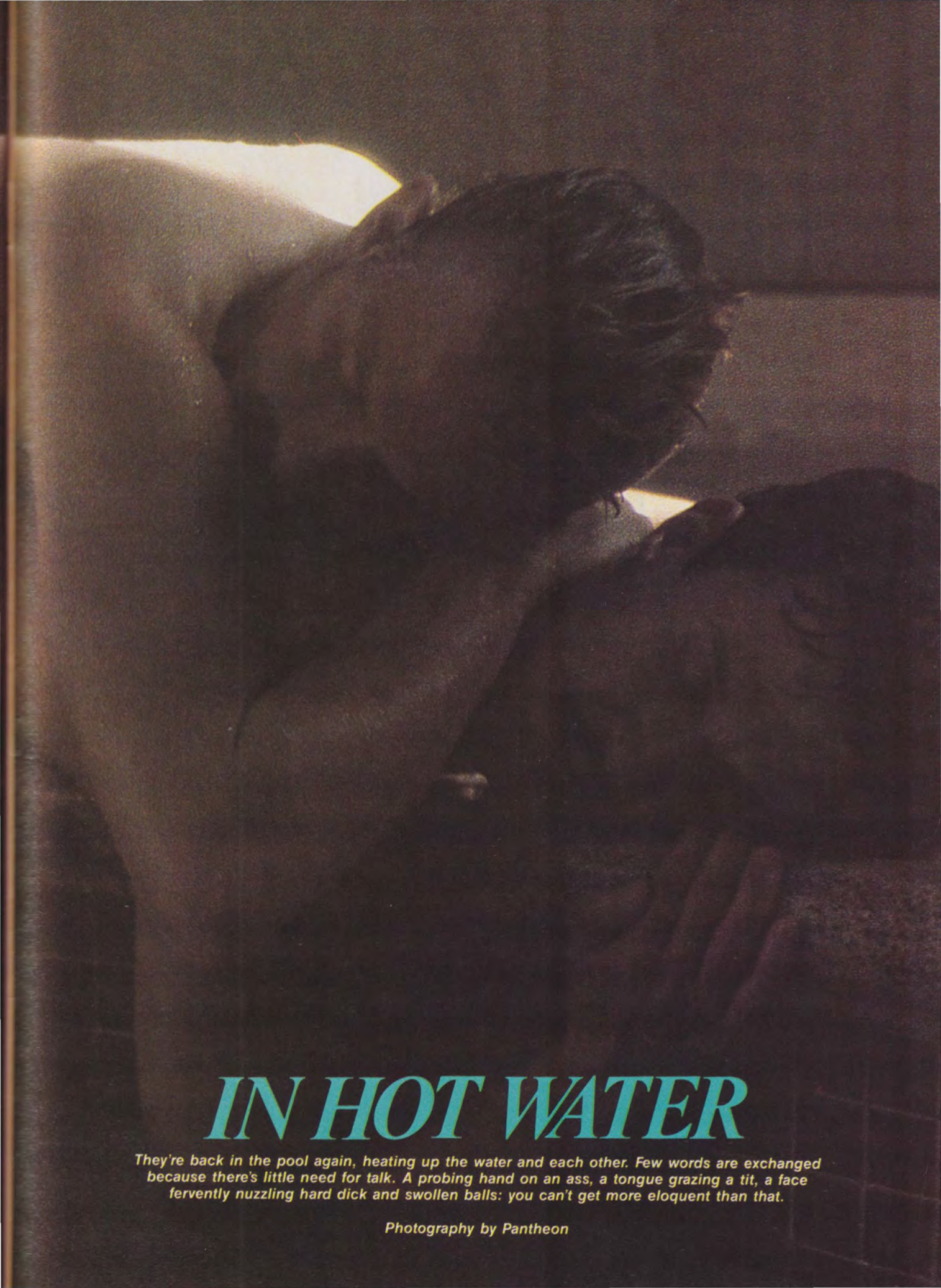
Photography by Pantheon

IN HOT WATER

Those big dicks just won't quit, and no wonder. The guys can't keep their hands off themselves, and each other. The fantasy of one's blondness meshed with the other's swarthiness is too powerful to be denied.

Photography by Pantheon





IN HOT WATER

They're back in the pool again, heating up the water and each other. Few words are exchanged because there's little need for talk. A probing hand on an ass, a tongue grazing a tit, a face fervently nuzzling hard dick and swollen balls: you can't get more eloquent than that.

Photography by Pantheon

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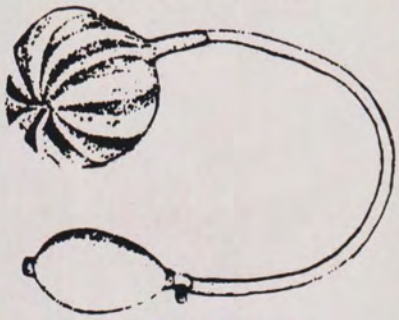

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TOP JOCKS

Continued from page 68

blood in Jack's eye. "We were just going to have a little fun, Jack. . ."

"Mr. Sarther, asshole, and don't you forget it!" Becker was afraid to answer him. "Up on the table on your knees and get that fucking ass up," Jack commanded. Becker was quick to oblige.

Stan and Jack stripped the coach naked. His two buns shook like jelly as he presented his ass for Jack's inspection.

"Do you want me to get a paddle?" I volunteered. I had one stashed away in my locker.

"I don't need a paddle for these baby cheeks," Jack replied. He began to pummel Becker's ass with his hands of steel. With each whack, the coach let out a loud moan. After a while, his ass began to turn bright red and he was pleading with Jack to stop. Jack finally did stop, but as a last gesture he reached between Becker's legs and jerked his balls hard. "Christ, I've got a six-year-old at home with bigger nuts than these."

Becker began to inch himself off the table, but Lumber Jack stopped him short. "We're not finished with you yet, asshole!" Jack shoved him back onto the table. He handed the cock strap to Stan. "Here, put this on him."

Within seconds, Becker was in the strap and complaining that it was too tight.

"Shut up! It's supposed to be tight." Jack handed the small padlock to Stan, who inserted it in the hole in back. When he clicked it shut, he imprisoned Becker's cock within the confines of the belt.

Jack held the key up to Becker's face. "Here's the key. I'm going to give it to Stan. He's the one you'll have to go to to get it off. I want you to understand one thing, that strap is not coming off until I say so and that may be never. It all depends on you. If you're a good boy and do what you're told, Stan will occasionally take the strap off—that is, if he feels like it. Now, if I ever hear that you gave Stan a hard time about putting it back on, I'll make damn sure you'll never get that strap off again, understand?"

"Yes, Sir." That's all Becker could say.

"I hope you make him crawl every time he has to beg you to take it off," I said to Stan.

"Don't worry, I will!"

I was still thinking over the events of that afternoon when Jack nudged me. The coach was winding up the meeting. "Are there any questions?" he asked.

I thought to myself, Becker has one. He wants to know how the hell he can get out of his cock strap.

"What are you thinking about?" Jack whispered to me.

"I was just watching Becker pull on his pud. God, is he in torture!"

"Yeah, I know," Jack laughed. "I've been watching him too. He keeps glancing over at Stan, begging him with his eyes to take that damned contraption off."

"Look at Stan, Jack." We both watched as the big rookie kept grinning at Becker. He slyly held up the key so that the poor bastard could see it. It was a reminder of what was coming as soon as the meeting broke up.■

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FLORIDA

STALLION VS. STALLION

Ft. Lauderdale. Wrestle, cock-fight, spank, ver., Leather, Piss, just fine. You/us. Me the Fuck, goodlooking, 28, 162 lbs. 5'10½", 7½" cock, BB wants ridin' the hole of another proud beatin' Stallion. Espanol, arrogant young dudes at Box 11624, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33308. Bang Balls and I'll show you what a girl you are.

FERNADINA BEACH

Just moved here. GWM 23 6' 160 lbs. Straight acting. Dark skin, Blk hair, very hairy. Need to meet friends under 25. Muscles a plus. No fems. Photo gets mine. C.N. Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

BODYBUILDER, BIKER

35, interested in sex with any Drummer readers. Wet and dirty, dirty talk and fantasies, clothes. Top/mutual. Am versatile and appreciate same, but no FF. Travel widely. Photo, phone preferred. P.O. Box 10274, Tallahassee, FL 32302.

PLANNING TO VISIT KEY WEST?

This hot GWM 27 smooth, well hung loves long oral sessions especially rears (yours). Prefer hairy, husky, older men or just to exchange horny letters. Write RDA, Box 4001, Key West, FL 33041.

MILKING MACHINE!

Attr, GWM, 28, 138 lbs, seeks masc gay or bi WM, under 30, for discreet oral workout. Reciprocation only if desired. Have beach apt for short visits. No fats, fems, weirds. Send info about self with photo (no response otherwise) to Ashley, Box 16487, Tampa, FL 33687.

Lightweight Body Builder

Available for hot sessions. 6' 160# curly dark hair, brown eyes & versatile. Jerry at (813) 823-5629.

GEORGIA

AIDS CELIBATES

Don't be lonely, call Atlanta (404) 633-2308.

NEED GOOD FUCK

Horny WM, 31, 155 lbs., 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, jocks, aroma, three-ways. Versatile french/greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like-minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

JO-COCKRINGS

Atlanta GWM, 6', 165, 8" cut, 40's into long JO sessions and photography. Wants to meet others with like interest. Your hot photo gets mine. P.O. Box 941002, Atlanta, GA 30341.

HAWAII

Warm, discreet, oriental, 30, wishes 18-35 WM friendships anywhere. I am 5'7", 134 lbs. I work out at a health spa. Write: Box 4191, Honolulu, HI.

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER

Love correspondence with guys any age into tight levis. Send photo to: Bill, Box 893, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

ILLINOIS

WM LOVES TO SUCK COCK.

The bigger the better. 145 N. Weston, Elgin, IL 60120.

PEORIA AREA 28 GWM

Looking for straight acting guy 21 to 35 for friendship not just sex! Photo and phone appreciated, P.O. Box 5565 Peoria, IL 61601.

CHICAGO

S, 5'9", muscle leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S and tit work. Heavy leather scene. Slave must know how to serve. Limits respected. Big bodybuilder slaves preferred. Call Master (312) 642-2769.

BLACK MASTER WANTED
W/M, 33, seeks black master into heavy B/D, W/S, oral service and fucking a hot white ass. Also like to hear from others into black domination. Box 6348, Chicago, IL 60680.

MY HORSE
is hung like me! Dominant but affectionate, French a/p, j/o, 6 ft./180 lbs., white, middle-aged, greying reddish-brown beard. Send photo with reply. Boxholder, P.O. Box 87444, Chicago, IL 60680.

CORRESPONDENT J/O
GWM, 28, looking for J/O buddies or correspondents and phone J/O. Send hot letter and photo; Sure! Occupant, 326 "B" East Park Ave., Libertyville, IL 60048.

HEAVY? INTO HEAVIES?
23, 6'4", 290, will try anything. Sucking, fucking, enemas, rimming, spanking, piss, dildos, armpits, jocks and socks. Richard Lewis, 408 Oak St., Apt. 1, Danville, IL 61832.

INDIANA

YOUNG MAN, 5'8" 150 LBS., 20'S
Looking for cosmopolitan gents 30-50, in Chicago area. P.O. Box 1352, Cedar Lake, IN 46303.

HOT BODY SUCK!
Good looking, hairy, thirsty, ass hungry wm, 37, 6'1", 155, worships very muscular, hung, sweaty greek active, french passive, body builders, jocks, studs. Hot photo and letter bring quick service. P.O. Box 1063, Muncie, IN 47305-1063.

IOWA

SEEKS MACHO TYPE
GWM photographer, 45, 5'5", 120 lbs., very sincere, wants permanent relationship with men over 35. Will answer all. J.P., P.O. Box 4711, Des Moines, IA 50306.

GWM, 21, 6', 195,
interested in having good times! Drake student, in Des Moines over summer, P.O. Box 2470, Des Moines, IA 50311.

INTO ANYTHING
32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines, IA 50306.

LOVER WANTED
Lonely GWM, 30, 5'8", 145 lbs., hard working and out to get everything in life. Wants lover that will relocate only. Serious letters only. Send letter and photo to G. Potter, 137 E. 29th St., Des Moines, IA 50317.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER
29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who knows limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604.

JUST BEGINNING
I am 20, 5'7", 175 lbs. and Spanish. Would like someone between 18-30 to show me the ropes. Jason Collinge, 3408 N. Market #4, Wichita, KS 67204.

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA
White bisexual, masculine, aggressive, like outdoors, age 50, 5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy, Libra. Only want to hear from those who can send photos in first letter. Farmers, loggers, truckers, etc. Prefer hairy white rugged guys, smooth OK. Must be stocky. Photo exchange. Let's get acquainted. Owen Krabson, Box 240, Rt. 4, Hwy 231, Utica, KY 42365.

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED
Early 50's, new to scene, looking for totally masculine kid brother, son or junior partner type for correspondence, meetings and possible lasting relationship. Travel wide area at times. Interests: hunting, fishing, campiing, BB & sincere discreet friends. Race and age unimportant. Facts and photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME
If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

WANTS LOVER NEAR LOUISVILLE
GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

LOUISIANA

MUSCLE MAN
Big muscular studs wanted by New Orleans area bodybuilder to be weight training buddies and partners in hot, heavy duty sex workouts. Mark, P.O. Box 38, Lockport, LA 70374.

PANTS-WETTING DADDY'S BOY
Looking for a Daddy. P.O. Box 19654, New Orleans, LA 70179.

MAINE

MAINE COAST
"Big Guy" GWM, college student—UMO, 21, 6', husky, hairy, brown, blue. Seeks a friend 19-33 for correspondence and possible relationship. All answered. R.D.J., P.O. Box 328, Seal Harbor, ME 04675.

MARYLAND

COUNTRY BOY
GWM, 33, wishes friendhsip anywhere, 140 lbs., 5'11". Will answer all. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 29, Reisterstown, MD 21136.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT HUNG JOCK
GWM, 33, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair/eyes/trimmed moustache who is hot, hung, into jockstraps. Seeks hungry, horny jocks for sex. Send a detailed description of yourself and sexual needs. All limits respected. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Discretion assured. Blonds preferred, but all hot welcome. PO Box 312, New Town Branch, Boston, MA 02258.

FOR THE BEST B.J. OF THE BERKSHIRES
Call 413-442-5278.

WHITE, 31, LOOKING FOR A FRIEND/LOVER
Write and tell me about yourself and interests. Send photo and phone number to B.C., PO Box 83, Southfield, MA 01259.

MICHIGAN

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND
GWM, 36, 5'10", 203 lbs., looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, quiet times. Seek those with similar interests between 18-38. Photo appreciated. Jerry Keller, Box 177, Escanaba, MI 49829.

TONSIL TICKLERS
Call talented bottom (313) 398-8141. Enjoys Greek three ways passive.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS
Are you hot? If you're a slender bi or GWM, 18-30, who enjoys getting a good head job and stimulating massage, I can do it! I can prolong your pleasure too. Send letter about yourself and phone # to: P.O. Box 6269, Mpls, MN 55406.

ROCHESTER MASTER
WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, WS and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 48063.

TALENTED SLAVE
I enjoy being a guy's slave. I'm talented and versatile, can blow your mind. You should be 30-35, nice body. Box 30163, St. Paul, 55175.

MONTANA

B/M, 26, 5'8, 140 lbs
Intelligent, love to explore, hung, submit by writing, or photo appreciated. 5404 Harrison, K.C., MO. 64110.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

WANTED: TOP MEN, ANY MEN.
B/D, C&B/T TT, Whipping, FF, enemas, obedience. Let me make your fantasies materialize. JG, P.O. Box 1373 Claremont, NH 03743.

NEW JERSEY

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO FIST-FUCKING
by hot masculine hunk, 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., 8½" uncut. Pic & phone. PO Box 2436, Plainfield, NJ 07060. NYC, NJ, PA only.

PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED
by young Black male, 6'1", 200 lbs. My interests are weight lifting, books and movies. Race unimportant but have a liking for Spanish people. Photo, returned if requested. No SM or Fems. Daimon, PO Box 3150, East Orange, NJ 07017.

EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL
WM, 29, 5'7", 145, craves leather sex. Complete leather uniform, photo, and letter stating needs and requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply Box 125, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

MANEATER
seeks trim, hairy, cut, 18-40. I'm 32, slim, goodlooking, expert mouth and camera. Photo including chest: Parallax, Box 597, Belleville, NJ 07109.

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO
Moving Southeast New Mexico September. Box 41, Weir, Texas 78674. Young. Athletic.

28, WHITE, BI, BIKER.
Needs hung Black, verbal long lasting man who loves to fuck ass and get lip service. No basket cases. Photo, phone mandatory. Box 13894, Albuquerque, NM 87192.

RELOCATABLE SUBMISSIVE
Bi, W/M, 6'2", 200#, 35 straight appearing, oral slave to cock/balls. Lip serves any age, public/private. Into all but R/F, animals or pain. Love TV/TS, deep throat. Impotent OK. Cock/ball photo, list of demands please. Boxholder, P.O. Box 522, Texico, NM 88135.

NEW YORK

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22
Looking for pen pal and photo swap. Letter and nude photo gets mine. Eric, Box 33, Roslyn, NY 11576.

HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25
Mustache, seeks w/m 18-30 w/smooth, hairless, protruding buns. You won't regret answering. Photo/phone for reply write: Occupant, P.O. Box 3472, New York, N.Y. 10185.

B/M 40 5'6 140
Like to meet males all races 18-30 to take out, be good to, and obey. John PO Box 604 Scarsdale, NY 10583.

BLACK MALE
31, 5'11", 175 lbs. good body and nice ass, and cock 8", seeks nice looking bearded dark Italian age 30 to40 who enjoys ass fucking and eating and lives alone. (No fems.) Reply, Johnny, 798 Hendrix St., Bklyn, NY 11207.

HUGE ENDOWMENT?
Dirty blond, gd-lkng, 25, 5'8", 145, interested in handsome, athletic, hugely hung German, British and Latin topmen who are aggressive, verbal and can keep their monster meat rock hard for hours. If it looks like a FIREHOSE, and you're proud of it, we should meet. Your pic, measurements, and phone get mine. Box 49, 132 W. 24th St., NYC 10011.

SWEATY HORNY JOCKS
Do you fantasize your big feet (size 11+) serviced by a hot W/M, 28, 6'1", 175, who is attract masc and sinc? Call (212) 675-7352, 8-11PM for real locker room action, or write P.O. Box 304 Village Station, New York, NY 10014.

ASSPLAY. DILDOES, HANDS
GWM, 38, 5'10/150 lbs., dark hair/eyes/moustache. Nice person, too. Box 600, Sayville, NY 11782.

ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN
W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

ROCHESTER AREA
Goodlooking, well built, married man, early thirties, desires relationship with same. Good looking, trim, married guys without communicable diseases preferred. No kinks or weirdos. Photo appreciated. P.O. Box 24932, Rochester, NY 14624.

Can't Get Enough
Attr Fr A, 33, insatiable, seeks heavy-hung for deep throat. Send photo/phone to: D. Fox, Box 2625, NYC 10185. All answered.

HOT, VERY MASCULINE
trim, muscular, uncut, 32, wants really hot masculine well build Greek active buddy. Photo to: PO Box 1434, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.

J/O ARTIST
NYC GWM 30's 6'2" 165 blue eyes 9" cut proud & cocky. Filled with creative uninhibited erotic energy. Bold use of everything I've got. Willing to share all of it. Handy with the camera. 50/50 voyeur-exhibitionist or 100% of either. Get hold of yourself. Give the urge a real workout. Photo & thoughts gets a fistful. You dudes know who you are! Boxholder, PO Box 55, N.Y., N.Y. 10021.

CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE
available on hot bearded horny w/m, scorpion, 36, 5'7", 130. Into mutual raunch scenes including F/F, W/S, L/L, Tits, Balls, Jocks, Boots, Toys, Shaving with hot experienced MEN. Photo/Phone Box 1440, Madison Square Station, NYC 10159.

NORTH CAROLINA

JACKSONVILLE
GWM, 45, I have brown hair, brown eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11", 6" dick and have a short beard. Want someone to make love to while watching porn films in my home. Call (919) 346-4082 before midnight.

OHIO

GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR "MARRIED WM
with an everlasting hunger for cock" to correspond with same for possible relationship. Black hair, trim build, cut, 30-50's, 7-10". Must be very hairy and live within 60 miles west of Cleveland. Prefer Italian or Hispanic, shy but aggressive. Am 6' 155# middle-aged, clean, safe, smooth, cut, hot and horny hair and cock lover. All limits will be respected. Mutual honesty exchanged. Don't delay. Countless sex play. Write M.V. Harey, P.O. Box 612, Lorain, Ohio 44052. Box void 9/84.

22 GWM
looking for friends, lovers. Renn (216) 674-1610.

OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED
GWM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, good-looking bodybuilders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

PENNSYLVANIA

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER—PHILA.
WM, 40, 5'9", 145 lbs., 7" cut. Wants other men into photography and home video taping. Non shy, uninhibited only! Willing to swap pics, tapes with others also. Your nude photo gets mine. No collectors please, just honest exhibitionists/voyeurs. Occupant, PO Box 13131, Phila, PA 19101.

SOUTHWEST PA
Horny, handsome young college student, GWM, 19, 6'1", 160 lbs, wants other young horny guys for prolonged fucking, sucking, J/O and sensuous massage. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 80, Richeyville, PA 15358.

SON SEEKS CIGAR SMOKING DOMINATING DADDY
Who is over 35 and uncut. Son is 24. 5'11" 145 lbs. and handsome. Steve B. 1581 Hewson St. Phila PA 19125.

WM, 130 LB., 27,
Desires friends, lovers, playmates for dining, travel, good times. R.D.5, Box 219C, Tyrone, PA 16686.

SOUTH CAROLINA

28, 5'7", 145, BLONDE
Likes big blacks, hung whites, fucking, sucking, piss, phone J/O, tea room sex. Call Wayne, 803-722-8915.

W/M, 33, SLENDER
I have insatiable desires! Photo, discretion: E.F., P.O. Box 209, Marion, SC 29571.

TENNESSEE

ANIMAL SLAVE
25/160 muscled. 9" thick. Experience managing 5 stallions, 3 danes. Give me a farm. I'll serve. Discrete, loyal. D. Johnson, Beech Creek Road, Brentwood, TN 37027. Sincerest cash donation earns $150,000 Yuan Dynasty jade horse. All donations rewarded.

MAN IN 40'S
desires young man 25 to 40. Love & home provided; some travel and home life. Into french, w.s., light s & m. Photo necessary. R.G.B. 1115 N. Royal; Jackson, Tennessee 38301; 901-427-8469.

TEXAS

BB/WRESTLER
seeks clean likeminded men 18-35 for discreet full contact workouts etc., with 6', 185#, WM, 29. Your place. Metroplex. Don Lee, Tandy Center Atrium #203, Ft. Worth, TX 76102.

BRECKENRIDGE AREA
Leo, 6', 45, 163, Brown/hazel moustache, independent straight-appearing. Looking for experienced, creative, tops 20-45 experimenting with light B&D, WS, tit play, Fr., Gr., rimming, jocks and fantasy. Fakes, drugs, heavy pain and scat are turn-offs. Semi-nude photo with letter answered first. Write Ken, PO Box 201, Olden, TX 76466.

DALLAS
White, 31, reasonably good looking seeks same for friend/lover. Write, describe yourself and interests. Box 45279, Dallas, TX 75245.

LONELY FT. WORTH COWBOY
GWM, 32, 5'7", 140 lbs. brown/blue. Prefer 18-24. Penpals welcome. No fats, fems or Blacks. Send PASE, photo to: Skip Williams, Pox 10272, Ft. Worth, TX 76114.

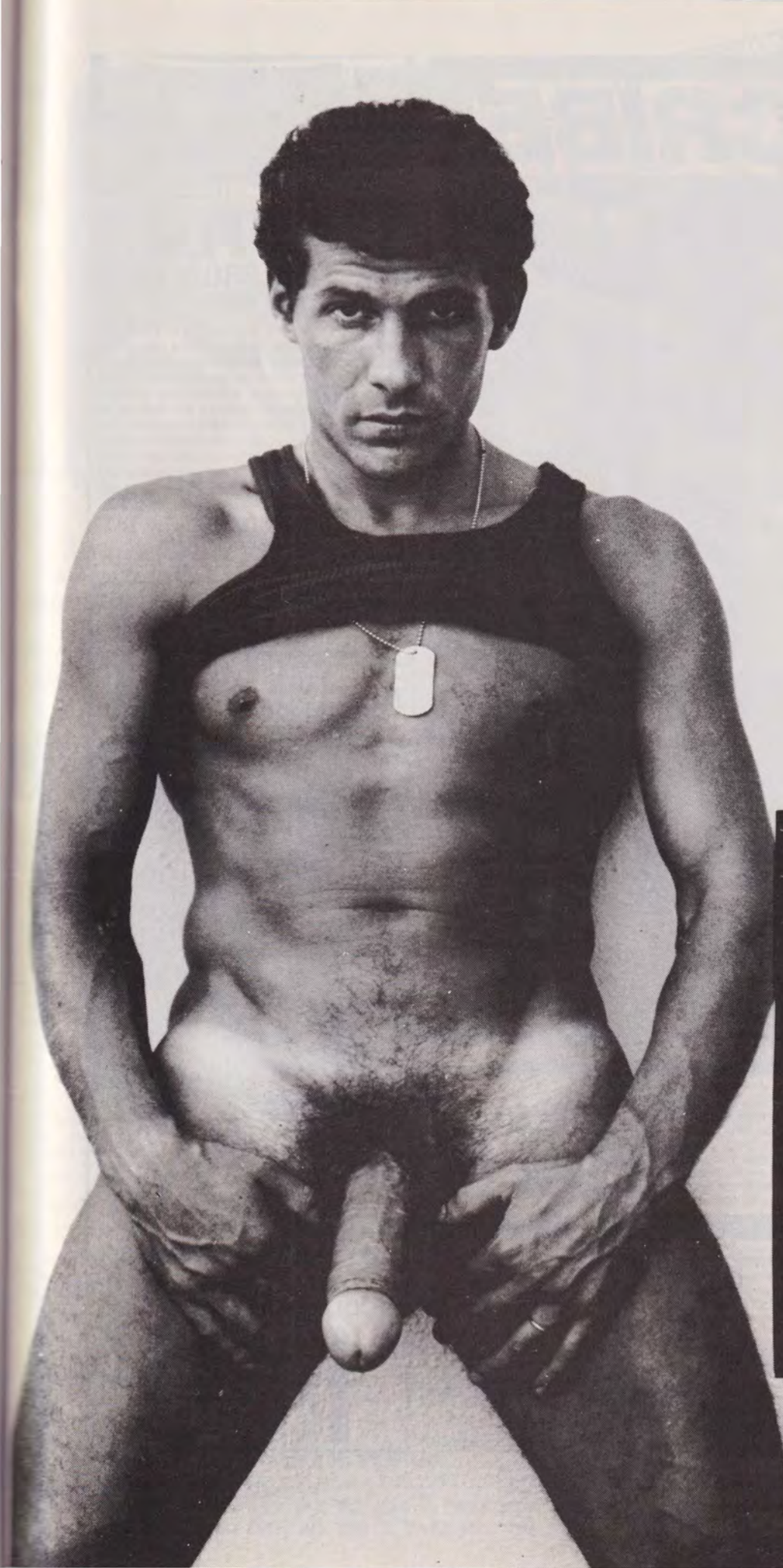
2 LOOKING FOR 1
Young 18 to 30, uncut a must. Not into S.M. or drugs. Photo please. No fats, blk or mex. Game room & spa for fun and games. G.L.C., PO Box 821241, Dallas, TX 75382.

WISCONSON

HAIRY, HORNY, BEARDED GWM
30, seeks hot men 20-40 for bareass fun. Bi studs, couples welcome. Into nudity, foto swap. PO Box 1085, Madison, WI 53701.

INTERNATIONAL

GWM, 5'6", 138 LBS
Black hair & moustache, brown eyes, nice looking, sensible, honest. Wish to meet and correspond with: sincere



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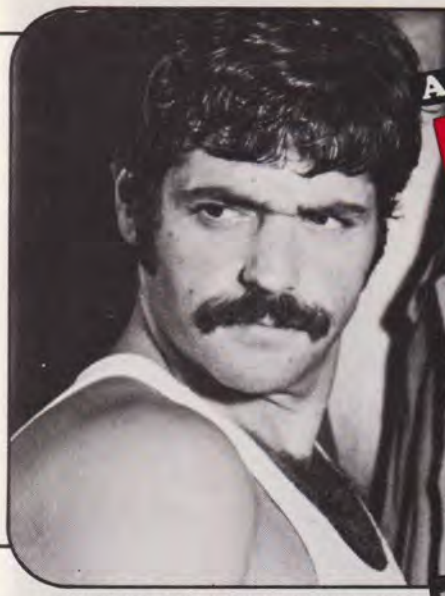

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EBONY LOVE (originally BRENTWOOD's 238 - 239) Rod, a black repairman, is met by Jim. Jim sees the massive bulge in Rod's levis and his eyes reveal his hunger to taste it. Rod pulls out his huge hard prik and soon Jim's mouth is filled with that enormous black meat. Rod takes hold of his enormous tool and plunges it deep into Jim's tight white hole. Jim shoots a huge load as he submits all the way to Rod's stiff wet cock. Rod cums all over Jim's face and mouth; the nonstop action continues with Jim rimming Rod's ass while Rod sucks his own cock until he shoots again, covering his own face with cum.

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DMG NO. 41 LOCKER ROOM 3
Thor, a new boy at the gym, watches partners Pete and Steve finish their workout. His growing shaft aching for a fuck, Thor follows them to the locker room to make out. As he buries his tool between the cheeks of Steve's ass, Pete tongues the rest of Steve's body to a magnificent climax.

DMG NO. 42 HOT TUB BOYS
Two blonde beauties, Thor and Freddie set the pace for this sex capade in the hot tub. When dark-haired Tony, the towel boy, joins them, the action speeds up. It's a game of musical chairs, in and out of the tub, rimming, sucking, fucking. A wild 3-way to everyone's delight!

DMG NO. 43 TRIPLE WORK-OUT
When instructor Eric strips down to show David and Jamie the proper way to use gym equipment, he becomes more interested in their equipment. The boys, also eager to play games, mount Eric in outrageous positions on the exercise machine, blowing and screwing each other until the love juices flow.

DMG NO. 44 3 FOR THE MAT
Three young bodies on a gym mat building their muscles. Watching each other exercise, the mood soon changes from work to play. A frenzy of sensuous lips around stiff dicks and lunging cocks up pink assholes dazzle your eyes as Tim is caught between David and Steve in a gratifying triple header.

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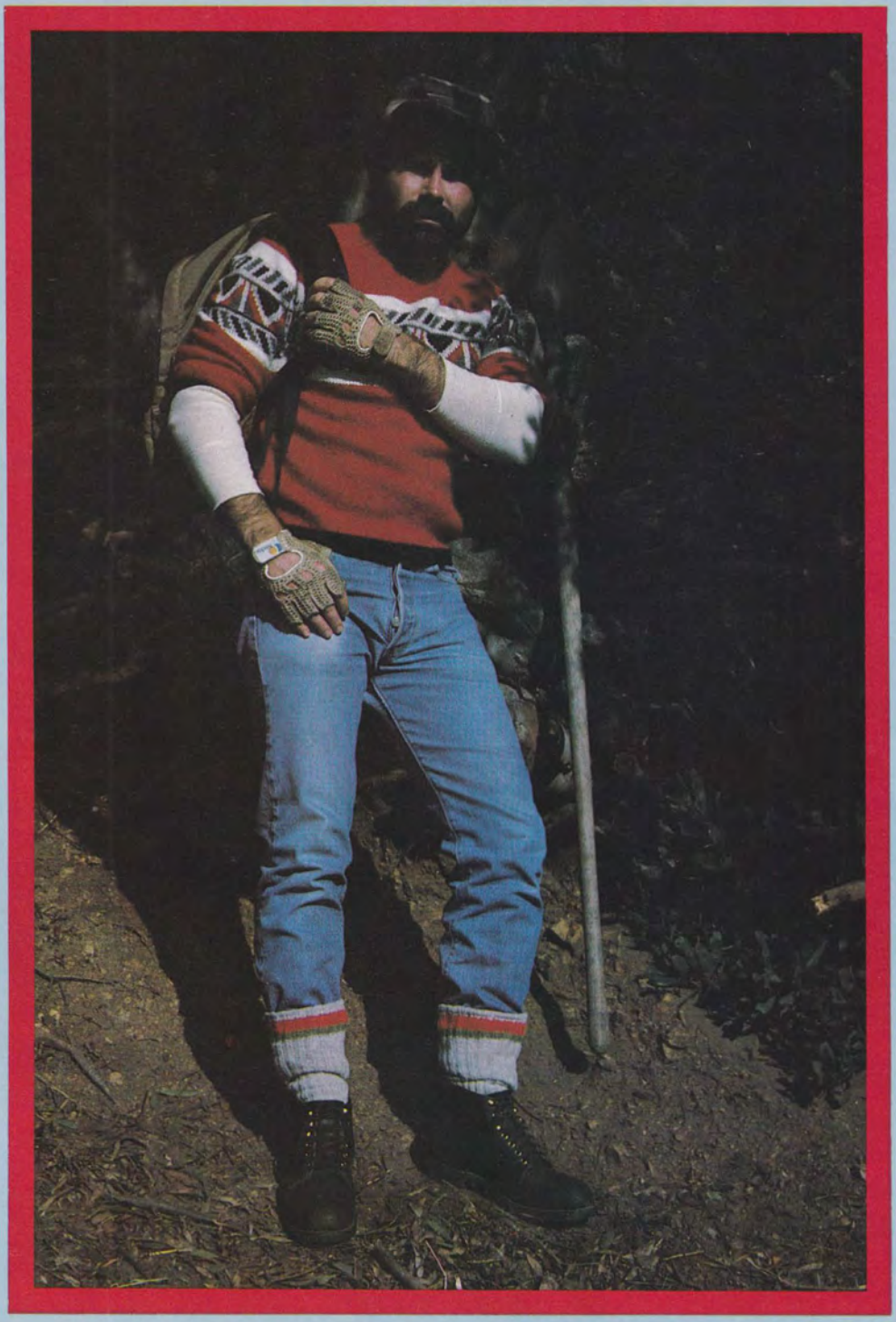

The big city and its attractions don't appeal to this rugged fella. He'd rather head up into the hills with his gear and some warm clothes and hunt wild life—species: human, genus: male. How would you like to be his prey?

Photography by Matthew E. Newman

FUR TRAPPER

Union suits are for cold weather, right? But the fur trapper seems a bit overheated. Why else would he strip off his outerwear and unbutton? Maybe he's hoping to lure his prey with a whiff of his natural scent.

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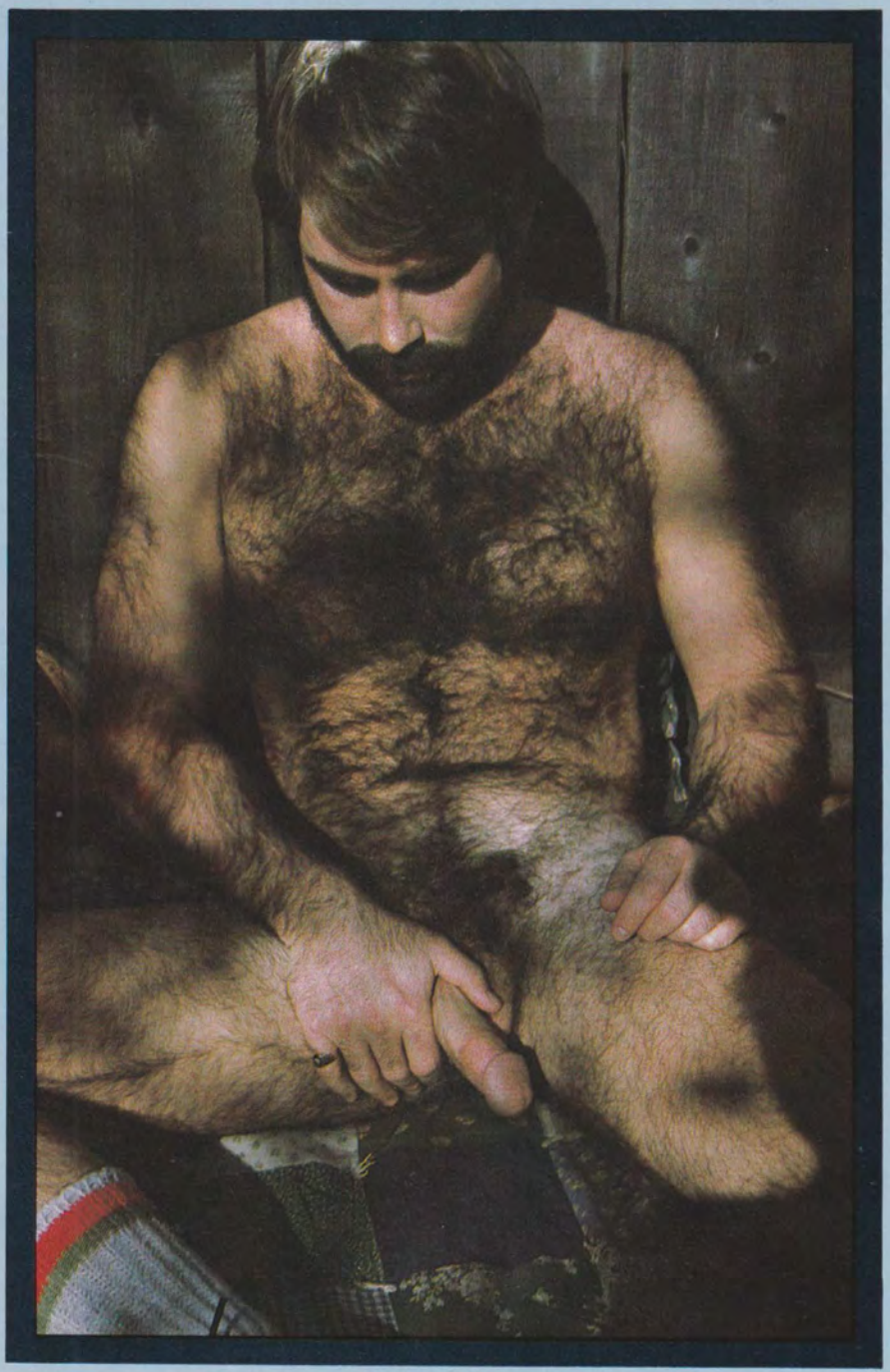
FUR TRAPPER



Once everything comes off, it's obvious who is the furriest creature in the woods. His thick pelt seems to cover every part of him except his cock. And that laid-back pose tells us that he's no longer the trapper but the willing prey. The hunter gets captured by the game.

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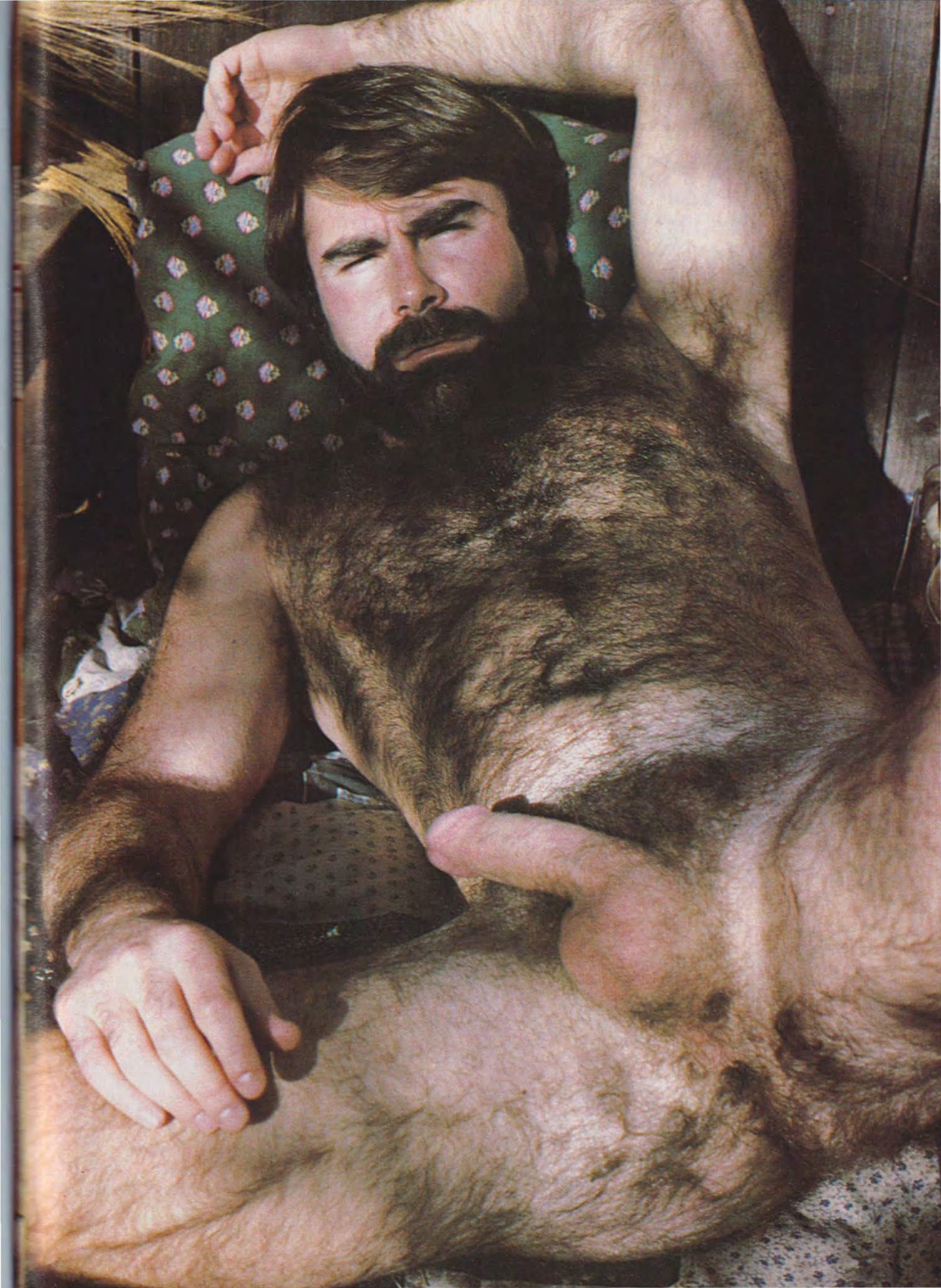

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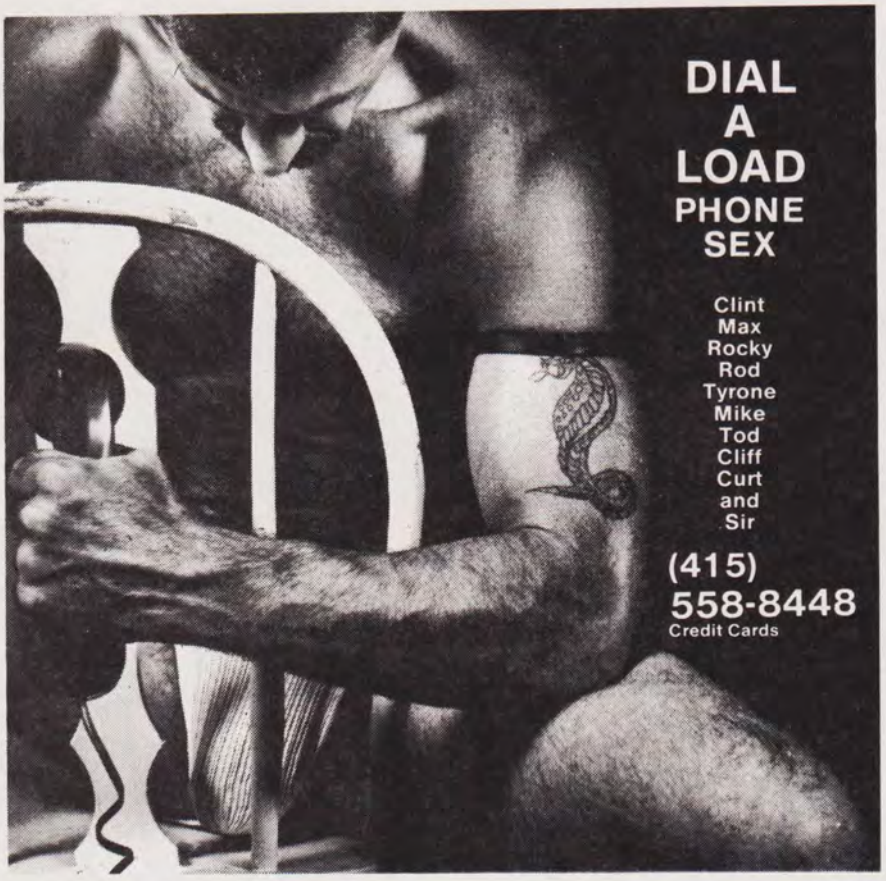

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